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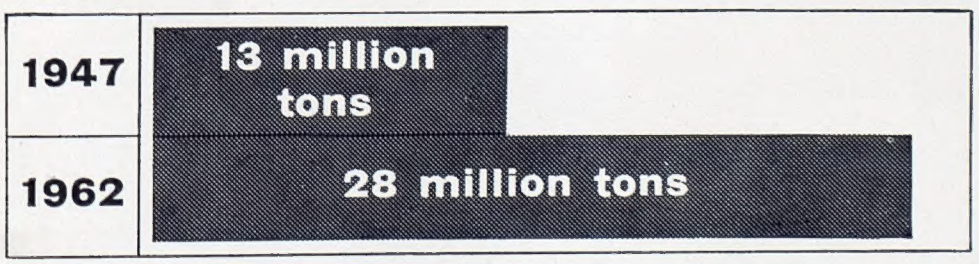

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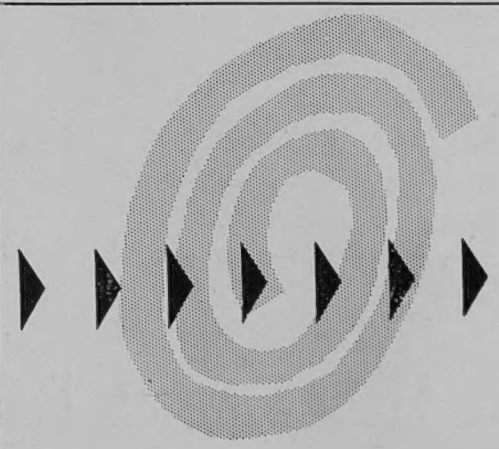

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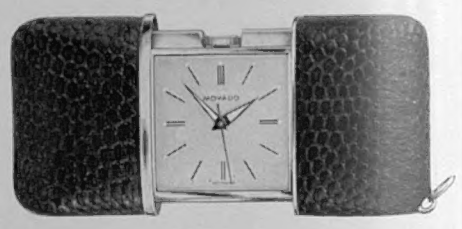

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Volume CCXXXVII No. 3086

The SPHERE, London, May 23, 1959

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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TABLE-TALK AT GENEVA—THE FOREIGN MINISTERS' CONFERENCE: The scene in the Palais des Nations shows the round table at which are seated from left the representatives of the U.S., France, Britain and Russia. At the rectangular table left is the West German contingent and at that right the East Germans. A wrangle over the peripheral question of seating and the status of the East and West German representatives delayed the opening of the Four-Power Conference.

What nowadays seems a concomitant to any high-level talks between Russia and the West, the preliminary manœuvres designed to give one side or the other an early advantage, bedevilled the opening days of the Geneva Foreign Ministers' Conference. First of all the shape of the table came under discussion; this covered Mr. Gromyko's wish to obtain *de facto* recognition for East Germany. In the event, separate tables indicated the German representatives were present in an advisory capacity. In his turn as Chairman, Mr. Gromyko appealed for the immediate admission of Poland and Czechoslovakia as full members. The Western case was that other countries might be brought in at a later stage when their interests were concerned. The following day saw statements on what should be discussed, the question of Germany, particularly Berlin, and the timing of a summit conference. On the likelihood of this it has seemed that progress on a Foreign Ministers' level would justify such a conference, and failure would practically demand one. Mr. Herter presented the neatly-packed Western Plan. This gave inter-linking proposals for a reunified Berlin, a reunited Germany, and safeguards for European security. The Conference then began to open the parcels of solutions, dear to either side. (Further pictures on pages 272-273).

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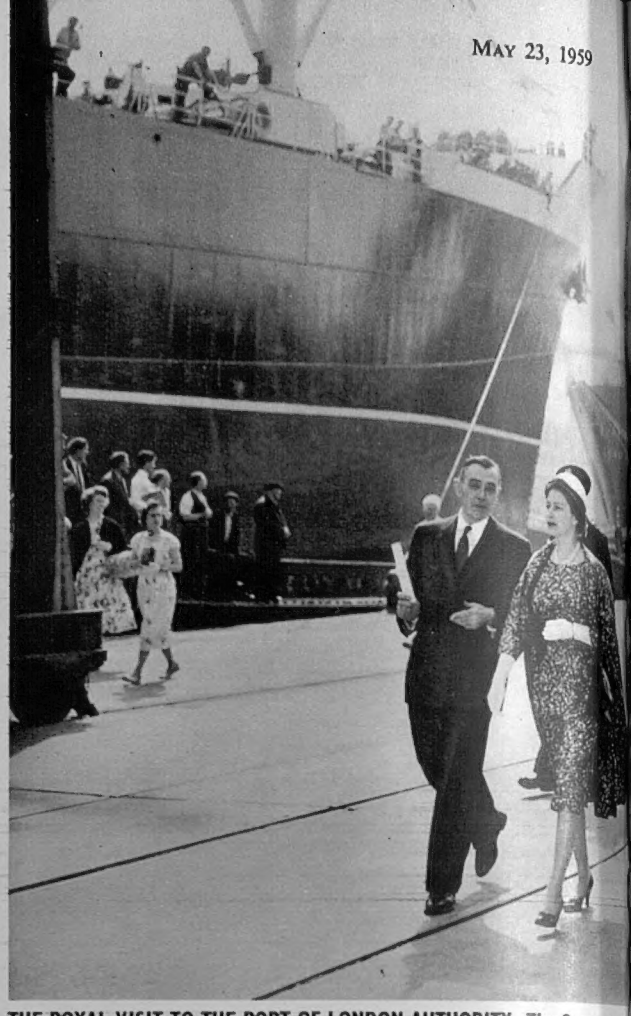
A WATERBUS SERVICE TO LONDON ZOO: The M.V. *Waterbuck* moves along the Grand Union Canal. Sir Reginald Kerr, General Manager of British Waterways, said the service would run every hour, the two-mile journey taking about twenty minutes, with forty-eight passengers. Development of the canal, where it runs through the Zoo, will enable deer and birds to be seen in their natural surroundings.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY: The Queen wal... Her Majesty, who was accompanied on her visit by the Duke ... officers of the P.L.A., the Royal party embarked in the P.L.... various docks, Ensigns were dipped in salute. Later, the Quee...

A London Newsletter

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Our Oldest Ambassador—Nowadays our Ambassadors of peace and goodwill, be they royalties, statesmen, service chiefs or other V.I.P.s, are for ever on the move and airborne across the Commonwealth and the territories of our allies and our opponents, seeking harmony and conciliation, carrying messages of hope and sympathy, trying to remove misunderstandings and to insinuate good sense and preach restraint and charity and sympathy. Most of these embassies achieve some good. Almost all are locally acclaimed and popular. The good may survive for days, weeks or months, sometimes longer. For ever the Ambassador must guard his tongue and pick his words, for he appears before an Argus-eyed Press, ready to pounce on an indiscretion and make an international sensation out of an *obiter dictum* or aside. That is perhaps why such embassies sometimes appear stereotyped and even "stylised," and the exchanges as lacking in meat and brass tacks, like toasts of eternal understanding at a Pilgrim banquet. But our Ambassadors are highly trained, their manners are superb, their sympathy is real and from the heart, their missions, at least from a civilised, cultural point of view, are always valuable. Sir Winston Churchill is now a very old man and that sombre fact is not to be disguised. He is entitled to take his ease, if any man alive is so. Yet he made the tiring journey to America once more to do there a last service to his country and to the world, as seemed best to him, as a matter of duty. I take off my hat to him. I think many men in America did no less, even if they had tears in their eyes as they did so. They acknowledged a great man doing his duty as he saw it to the last and to the very end of his strength. I think a note on Sir Winston's mission is this week wiser than any reference to the "Ambassadors" now assembled at Geneva.

Lord Templewood—My first memory of Lord Templewood goes back a long way. As a child I remember him at Overstrand and even then I marvelled at his tidiness. As an undergraduate at New College, he was famous for his neatness—there was never a hair out of place. Smoothness and correctness in every department of life seemed to be all with him. It seemed impiety to call him Sam. Yet he was anything but a barber's block. At Oxford he gained a double first and in public life he was a pooh bah, holding innumerable offices of first importance below that of Premier. Perhaps his best work was done for the R.A.F. As a statesman he was unlucky, for unforeseeable events often robbed him of the fruits of hard work and thorough mastery of his subjects. Perhaps the matters nearest his heart were penal reform and lawn tennis. As a politician he never recovered his reputation after the ill-fated Hoare-Laval Pact, and it is probably fair to say that he was too humane and even too cultured for success in the politics and statecraft of his troubled age, and those qualities may have contributed to the big mistake of his political career. Yet he was large-minded and bore no malice and showed no disappointment. To the end of his life he served his country in humbler posts than usually occupy the time of ex-Foreign Secretaries.

Homicide Act Again?—The Homicide Act of 1957 had many opponents, including all those who are utterly opposed to capital punishment. Beyond that, it caused a deal of head-shaking among many more who did not, and do not, call for total abolition on the ground that the definition of capital murder was unsatisfactory alike in what it included and excluded. A number of these prophesied that soon enough its weaknesses would be exposed and the sorry tale of Marwood's execution gives them a chance to say "I told you so." Everybody must have felt sorry for Mr. Butler's agonising decision, for no one can doubt his humanity. Total abolitionists invariably argue that the death penalty is no deterrent. The argument is very difficult to uphold by proofs even over long periods. Certainly a British Home Secretary to-day, appalled by the increase in crimes of violence, is bound to consider whatever deterrent powers the Act possesses. Mr. Silverman, in returning to the campaign over the Marwood case, may endeavour to secure another debate in the House over the Homicide Act and the whole question of capital punishment. He will probably not succeed, though his efforts will throw more doubt on the drafting of that Act. It is not the only recent Act which may, soon enough, call for re-examination as a result of interpretations—the Street Offences and the Flick-knife measures, for example. I certainly favour within the next two or three years a referendum on the question of capital punishment. Meanwhile, many people would like to know whether there exist legal or other regulations, too rigid to alter, for retaining the practice of announcing the place, day and hour of an execution, which so often causes trouble from sensation-lovers and feeds the appetite of the morbid.

Traffic Problems—The Minister of Transport last week spoke to empty Benches during the road traffic debate. Whether our representatives in Parliament couldn't care less, or regarded the problem as just about as much waste of time as discussing a plan to abolish death, I do not know. Perhaps they had better things to do. It was a lovely summer day and M.P.s may have examined the traffic problem along the Brighton and Southend roads instead. And it *is* a problem, whether you examine it in Parliament or practically along the roads. An American expert has been supplying our Press with some points for a road policy, and these include spending more money, more time on research, employing more skilled manpower, replanning, and so on. So, indeed, do Mr. Watkinson's points. Whether American planning and road policy would fit our road systems, whether their results have proved as successful in speeding traffic and reducing death and hold-up, as expected, I do not know with certainty. Reports vary. That the plans we have already implemented and the vast sums of money we are already spending in Britain have not begun to solve the problem is clear enough. Planning, research and spending are only in their infancy, and if our M.P.s have decided that the problem is insoluble whatever we spend, however long we plan and research, I have a sneaking sympathy with their pessimism, but do not excuse their absence from Parliament during this debate. For there is always a good deal of token service in their attendance in the House as our representatives, and some of us like to contact our Member on grave problems which affect us; even if those problems appear to be insoluble we like to know from our Member the latest details of efforts being made to cope with them.

The Valley Garden—There is so much that is ugly in modern life, that it is always worth a note to record even a well-known miracle of sheer beauty. I am thankful, therefore, at last to have seen the Valley Garden or azalea cup on the edge of Windsor Great Park on the most perfect day of May when the mass of blooms in the cup were in their fullest beauty. I have seen many of the most famous gardens in Britain often when they were at their best, and for a small acreage I have often given the palm to Fursey, near Minstead. The Windsor Valley Garden at its best must be unique and Sir Eric Savill's name must be very highly esteemed in the memories of garden-lovers. The Savill gardens, with their waters and layout, continually improve and compare very favourably with Wisley and Kew. The Valley Garden has, so far as I know, no rival during at least a fortnight of the year, if the weather is good. How short a time the beauties of nature survive! The first lovely pale greens of-spring are lost too soon in the fullness and satiety of summer. The longest day is past before we have begun to enjoy summer, yet the labour and the cost which created the Valley Garden is worth while, if such a miracle of loveliness can be enjoyed by a few thousands once a year for a few days.

> How sad this ceaseless sigh
> For beauty born to die,
> And that high bliss of noon
> Which night enshrouds too soon.

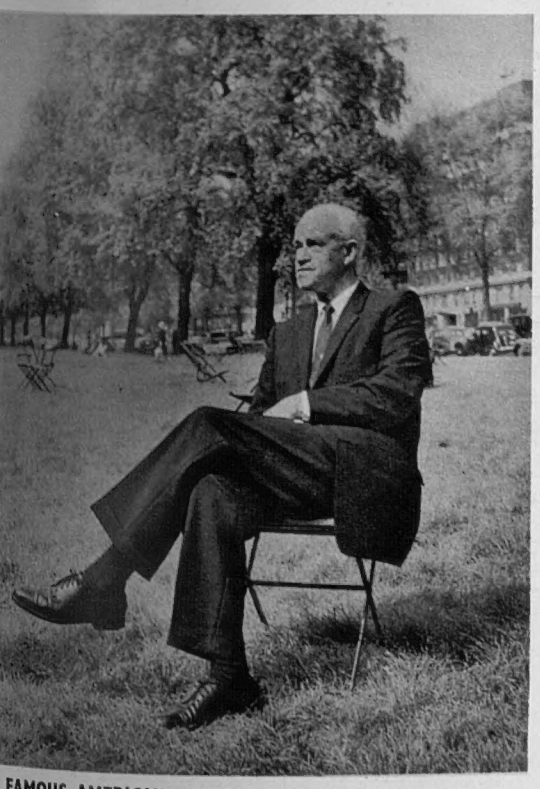
But beauty born to die gives the sure hope of a resurrection.

Interpreting Shakespeare—I suppose every age has its technique for interpreting Shakespeare on the stage, the screen and otherwise. And each generation of playgoers and viewers form their opinions of what they prefer. My own views no doubt accurately date me, and I take that risk when I confess that I was disturbed and unhappy when I watched and listened for nearly an hour to *Julius Cæsar* on TV. It was film technique, I know, and I dare say the handling of the crowds was good, and that a fair degree of historical accuracy, so far as our age

ast a number of ships dressed overall during her tour of the Royal Albert Dock. dinburgh, spent six hours at the Docks. After luncheon with the Chairman and acht *St. Katharine*, for an hour's cruise. As the yacht passed the ships in the d the Duke travelled by launch to Westminster Pier en route to the Palace.

can recapture it, was attained in scenes, settings and costumes. But the rapidity with which Shakespeare's lines were rattled off and the new emphases and rejections of time-honoured emphases so shocked me that I became almost glad that the rumbles of the great storm made the conspirators difficult if not impossible to hear. Noise, I know, is regarded to-day as essential background on TV, and I know not why. But is beauty a minor consideration? The tragedy is grim and hideous, and no doubt conspirators do not look their noblest and most handsome when engaged in dark deeds. To show that is realism. But to present this tragedy with deliberately uglified actors, fluffing their lines and missing their flowers of speech at thrice dictation speed in the clamour of a Somme bombardment, that is no entertainment for an old stager, if his disappointment proves to the hilt that he *is* an old stager.

I am often late to understand the definitions of words which suddenly become commonplace among the intelligentsia, and to "stylise" is one such. I imagine it is necessary to stylise any reproduction on the stage of, say, *The Way of the World* or even of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and conclude that even *Julius Cæsar* can hardly succeed without some measure of stylisation, if nothing is to be lost of the beauty of the words which were for Shakespeare on the stage of his day in large measure a substitute for scenery.



FAMOUS AMERICAN GENERAL IN LONDON: General Omar Bradley, who commanded the U.S. armies invading France on D-Day, sits in the sun in Hyde Park. He paid a two-day visit to London to see the American Memorial Chapel in St. Paul's Cathedral; he had been unable to attend the unveiling some months ago.

Massive Biography

—The older a man grows in an age of revolution constantly shifting, the more he is puzzled by trends and fashions. I wrote recently about the problems which face libraries and booksellers and reviewers, raised by the enormous number of new titles on new or ancient themes put out every year by publishers. None of them can cope with them. The libraries and booksellers can only make haphazard selection from them from the hasty reviews of most of our overworked reviewers. Yet authors and publishers greatly rely for their profits on the support of public libraries. And now, it seems, the fashion is for massive biographies again, such as Gladstone and Disraeli, and such like, perhaps deserved before Lytton Strachey suggested the better results to be obtained from *selection*. I am told to expect, for instance, a 300,000-word biography of Sir Edward Marsh at two guineas. But many libraries do not stock new books at that price. Certainly Eddy Marsh was a pocket Mæcenas of young poets and lived most of his life in a circle of important or interesting people, and much can be and, I am sure, has been written about him which will interest readers. What puzzles *me* is to get at the truth of the many problems which face publishers to-day, with the high costs of printing and production and the fearful competition caused by a plethora of new publications. They must surely take a big risk with massive biographies published at a price beyond the means of many libraries and cautious booksellers.

Wages by Cheque. . . Will it Work?—

The thieves and bandits will not have grown rich or done their stretches in vain if a far-reaching measure agreed by the trades unions and at last apparently accepted by the Government, becomes law one day and succeeds. Ignorant outsiders have advocated it for years, believing that the manifest difficulties should be tackled and may well, in time, succeed. And what advantages might flow from a universal system of payment of wages by cheque. It is by no means only a means of ending a shocking form of robbery. It opens up vistas of a house-owning-cum-bank-account-owning democracy, and it may well prove a winning card for national-savings. If the ancient prejudice against banks and the museum-piece tradition of keeping one's cash in an old stocking can at last be killed, a new era of increased prosperity for the banks is the least advantage to come of the measure. Apart from the removal of temptation to crime, the greatest undoubtedly are the opportunity for wise saving, the deterrent to foolish spending and the increased sense of responsibility which will come to the millions of new depositors who to-day, keeping their cash in their homes or pockets, see it melt away hourly in needless trifles or superfluity of comforts at the locals. Will it work? Centuries-old prejudices are hard to kill and Britons ever, ever will be slaves to tradition; and never, never forget unhappy memories of far-off ills; the prejudice against banking began when first the country banks failed after the reckless gambling in new railway shares, and was concreted by more modern suspicion of Exchequer snooping, or perhaps because of the average wage-earner's fear that his wife may learn the exact amount of his pay-packets.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF THE WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICE: In Westminster Abbey, the Queen Mother is seen standing on the right-hand side of the Sanctuary during the service to commemorate the anniversary of the formation of the W.V.S. The congregation included more than 2,000 members, in the traditional green uniform, from all parts of Britain.

"Let 'Em Eat Cake"

—One day, as civilisation goes from strength to strength, that disputed dictum "If they can't eat bread, let 'em eat cake" may take on a new meaning. As how? An Oxfordshire farmer has ordered foam "feather-bed" mattresses for his milking herd of eighty cows. The cows like them and sleep like tops. Of course, it is only a beginning. Many cows still sleep harder, so do unnumbered millions of human beings, refugees, and what not. But if this Oxfordshire experiment is only a little rosy cloud like a man's hand, you get the idea, and indeed you can get the idea from other evidences. So many people nowadays in the favoured nations enjoy luxuries their fathers never dreamed of and beyond the wildest imaginings of the majority of their contemporaries on the earth's face. Even if they enjoy them on the never-never, they enjoy them while the going is good. These Oxfordshire cows are exceptionally lucky to-day. Over half the world, the treatment of animals is as barbaric as ever it was in Britain, and even in Britain there are all too many cases of insensate cruelty. It's a long, long road to world-wide humanity, but this Oxfordshire experiment (to which, admittedly, considerations of £. s. d. contributed) does hold out to our children's children the distant prospect of an era when a newly-baked wholemeal loaf will not be good enough for any man made in God's image and he will demand confectionery as of right. Of course there will need to be drastic changes in world economy before all God's creatures sleep on foam mattresses. Meanwhile, we can dream of that millennium —till the cows come home.

THE OLD STAGER

THE DIPLOMATS AT GENEVA

Members of the Various Delegations at the Foreign Ministers' Conference

THE OPENING OF THE CONFERENCE: The Chairman of the first session at Geneva is Mr. Selwyn Lloyd. Sitting on his right is Mr. Dag Hammarskjold, Secretary-General of U.N., who opened the "little Summit." The Ministers act as Chairman for the day's sessions in rotation. Herr von Brentano was absent, as the West German Government decided he should not appear in the Conference chamber in the Palais des Nations with the East German Foreign Minister.

A MIDDAY MEETING AT THE AMERICAN DELEGATION'S HEADQUARTERS: The U.K. Foreign Secretary is seen with Herr von Brentano after calling on Mr. Herter. M. Couve de Murville, the French Foreign Minister, was also present.

THE U.S. DELEGATION: Mr. Herter is flanked by Mr. Merchant (left) and Mr. Thompson, the American Ambassador to Moscow, at the first session. After the preliminary discussions on the status of the West and East German Ministers at the Conference, and Mr. Gromyko's demands for the admission of other countries, the Foreign Ministers reached "matters of substance" with Mr. Herter's disclosure of the West's "package" plan for a phased sequence of stages to reunite Berlin and Germany.

THE EAST GERMAN LEADER: Shaking hands with Mr. Gromyko is Herr Bolz, the East German Foreign Minister (left). In the background is an unidentified official. Herr Bolz's position at the Conference is that of an adviser.

On right—

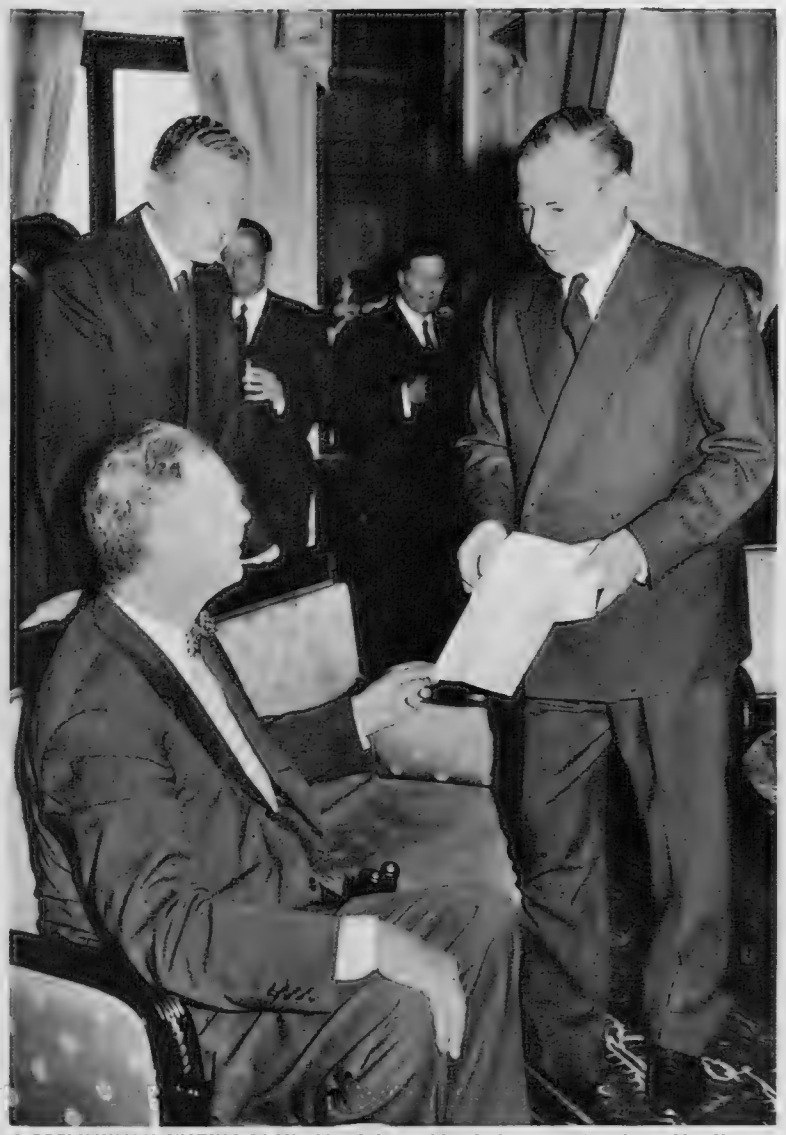
THE RUSSIAN DELEGATION: Seated at the rim of the circular table are, from left to right, Mr. Zorin, the Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, Mr. Andrei Gromyko, and Mr. Soldatov.

FRENCH DEPUTY DELEGATE: During M. Couve de Murville's illness, his speeches have been read by M. Charles Lucet, Director of Political Affairs at the Quai d'Orsay.

SETTLING THE SEATING: The U.S. Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Berding, holds up a plan of the circular and two smaller rectangular tables, as he demonstrates the successful resolution of the wrangle.

On right—

THE FRENCH DELEGATION: Seated at the table in the chamber in the Palais des Nations are, from left, M. Louis Joxe, who holds French ambassadorial rank, M. Couve de Murville, and M. Lucet.



A PRELIMINARY SEATING PLAN: Mr. Selwyn Lloyd shows a sketch to Mr. Herter, while the French Foreign Minister leans on the back of the settee. The occasion of the discussion was a luncheon given by the Swiss Government.

THE GUESTS AT A DINNER GIVEN BY THE SWISS FOREIGN MINISTER: From left are Mr. Hammarskjold, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, M. Couve de Murville, Mr. Herter, M. Petitpierre (Swiss Foreign Minister), and Mr. Gromyko. During the informal meetings taking place between the various Ministers, there has been much discussion on nuclear tests. Letters from President Eisenhower and Mr. Macmillan to Mr. Khrushchev offered either comprehensive agreement to end all tests or a partial, stage-by-stage agreement. The Geneva Conference on nuclear tests has gone into recess until June 8, but the Western Ministers asked that the technical advisers should in the meantime discuss scientific issues.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE ALGERIA COUP

Speeches in Algiers; a Demonstration in Paris

COUP ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS IN ALGIERS: At the airport in Algiers, Field-Marshal Juin (right), a senior soldier of France, is greeted on his arrival by General Massu (left) and Admiral Auboyneau.

IN FRONT OF THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS: In the Forum in Algiers, M. Delouvrier, the Delegate-General (centre), addresses the crowd during the May 13 celebrations. On the right is General Massu, a central figure in last year's coup. Extreme left is General Challe, the C.-in-C. of Algeria.

On May 13 last year the series of events began in Algeria which led to the fall of the Fourth Republic in France and the return to power of General de Gaulle. Of the leaders in the uprising General Massu is the only one who remains in Algeria with his old importance. From both European and Moslem communities it is claimed that conditions in the country have improved. The celebrations in Algeria on the anniversary of the *coup* were reported to show that the majority of Moslems, the Army, and some of the European sections are behind the Government. A crowd of 50,000 assembled in the Forum in Algiers to hear speeches by M. Delouvrier, the Delegate-General, M. Bouharaoua, the Moslem chairman of the Algiers Municipal Council, and General Massu. The majority were Moslems. European extremists and the new "liberal" group, composed of Socialists, the M.R.P. and other organisations, had boycotted the assembly. The European extremists had paraded the day before, distributing pamphlets against the celebrations and denouncing the de Gaulle Government. The celebrations started with a military review which was followed by a wreath-laying ceremony at the war memorial. The speeches were made from the Forum in front of the Government-General offices.

MOSLEM SUPPORT: Veiled Arab women predominate in part of the 50,000 crowd which assembled for the speeches in the Forum in Algiers. The majority of the crowd were Moslems.

THE CROWD IN THE FORUM: In front of the platform some of the huge crowd are carrying banners supporting the Government. European extremists and members of the new "liberal" grouping boycotted the gathering.

DEMONSTRATIONS IN PARIS: M. Jean-Baptiste Biaggi (centre), an extreme Right Wing leader, heads a march to the Arc de Triomphe, where the wreath on the right was laid on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The crowd consisted mainly of young men.

ON THE CHAMPS ELYSEES: A police officer shouts orders as a policeman arrests a demonstrator during the May 13 demonstrations in Paris. The group shouted slogans such as "Algeria is French." General de Gaulle paid no attention to the anniversary.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

REFUGEES FROM TIBET REACH INDIA: They have just crossed the frontier into Assam and are waiting for transport to take them to the refugee camp specially established by the Indian Government at Misamara. The first party of Tibetans to reach Misamara included a fifteen-year-old Incarnate Lama. The Indian authorities estimate that a total of 10,000 Tibetans may seek asylum in India. Reports from Kalimpong last week stated that the Chinese had ordered out the Panchen Lama's private army. Furious battles were being fought between them and their fellow Tibetans at Nangar Tse-dzong, in one of the Khamba regions south-west of Lhasa.

CARLISTS RALLY IN SPAIN: Supporters of the claims of Prince Xavier of Bourbon Parma to the throne of Spain are gathered on Montejurra, near Estella, in Navarre. The occasion was the annual gathering to pay tribute to the memory of the Carlists who died in the Spanish Civil Wars of the last century and of this. Among those present was Prince Xavier's twenty-year-old son Prince Carlos, who had travelled from France for the ceremony.

TENSION AND CRISIS IN BUENOS AIRES: Police fire tear-gas bombs to break up a mass demonstration of bank employees, who had been on strike for a month in demand for higher wages. Last week the sixty-two Peronist unions declared a twenty-four-hour strike in sympathy with them. Labour troubles in Argentina have been only one aspect of the tension in that country. Evidence of a crisis within the Cabinet was seen in the resignations of the three subordinate Ministers, the Secretaries of Commerce, Finance and Transport. Further resignations were expected, and it was believed that the Army, the real power in Argentina, might force a change of Government.

On left—

ANOTHER PRISON RIOT IN AMERICA: Down the steps at Fort Pillow Prison, in Tennessee, come convicts alleged to have been among the ringleaders in a fourteen-hour riot in the gaol. Two guards had been seized as hostages. Eventually they were released when the authorities gave an undertaking to take no reprisals against the rioters. The ringleaders were transferred to another prison.

THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE COPTIC PATRIARCH: Monks assist Archpriest Mena el Metawahad to put on gold-embroidered robes during his enthronement as Kyrillos the Sixth, 116th Patriarch of the Coptic Orthodox Church, in St. Mark's Cathedral, Cairo. The Ethiopian Church, which numbers about 14,000,000 adherents compared with 2,000,000 Copts in Egypt, was not represented owing to disagreement on the system of electing the Patriarch.

THE START OF THE LONDON-MOSCOW AIR SERVICE: Passengers board the Viscount "George Stephenson" at London Airport for the inaugural B.E.A. flight. With one intermediate stop at Copenhagen, the 1,500-mile journey from London to Moscow took just over seven hours. Two days later the Soviet Aeroflot organisation began its service on this route, with TU 104 jet airliners.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A NEW WORLD WATER-SPEED RECORD: *Bluebird*, piloted by Donald Campbell, speeds across the surface of Coniston Water during one of the runs to break the world record. He achieved an average speed of 260·35 m.p.h.—which is 12 m.p.h. more than he reached last November, but he was reported to be still not satisfied. The two runs were at 275 and 245 m.p.h. He said he would probably make more attempts in Canada. Mr. Campbell also has plans to beat the world land-speed record some time next summer.

BRILLIANT SUNSHINE FOR THE ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW: With the Castle in the background, spectators watch the Musical Ride by the Household Cavalry in Home Park on the first day of the Show. A large crowd attended on the first day to watch, among other events, the judging of various hunter classes and of the trade and agricultural turn-out.

A NEW LIBRARY FOR SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY: The Chancellor of the University, the Earl of Halifax (right), confers the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters on Mr. T. S. Eliot. The distinguished poet and critic was present in Sheffield to open the new library. He addressed an audience which included civic dignitaries and many city and university librarians. The new building, which is part of the University's £6,000,000 programme of expansion, cost £55,000. It was, Mr. Eliot said, of inestimable value in our education to live for several years in propinquity to and with free use of a great University library.

PORTSMOUTH'S FREEDOM FOR THE ROYAL MARINES: *Left*—The Duke of Edinburgh stands outside the Guildhall with the Lord Mayor of Portsmouth, Alderman Alfred Blake, and high ranking officers of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines during the ceremonies marking the presentation of the Freedom of the City on the Royal Marine Corps. In the centre is the First Sea Lord, Admiral Sir Charles Lamb; third from right is the C.-in-C. Portsmouth, Sir Manley Power. *Right*—His Royal Highness takes the salute. A casket-bearer carries the silver casket containing the freedom scroll which the Duke, as Captain-General of the Corps, had received from the Lord Mayor on behalf of the Marines.

DELAYS ON THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY: On the Welland Canal, linking Lakes Ontario and Erie, are some of the ships held up in traffic jams on this part of the Seaway. At the time there were thirty-one vessels trying to pass through the locks on their way to inland American ports. In order to clear the bottleneck, apparently caused by the first lock on the Welland Canal, which can handle only one ship at a time, the Canadian Minister of Transport, Mr. Hess, ordered that Canadian and U.S. lake ships, and ocean vessels fully equipped for Seaway movement, were to have priority. From the opening of the Seaway on April 25 up to the end of the first fortnight in May, 390 ships passed up and 268 down the canal.

FIRE AT ROLLS-ROYCE: Dense clouds of smoke drift over the Mountsorrel factory, near Leicester, where sheet metal parts were made for aero-engines. About 1,000 employees filed out of the building when the fire broke out. Damage caused was estimated at hundreds of thousands of pounds. It was understood that a certain amount of secret or restricted work was carried out by Rolls-Royce at the factory, some of it reportedly for the U.S. A spokesman said production would be transferred to other factories.

THE LAST OUTPOST OF A VILLAGE IN BAVARIA: A forlorn and solitary house sticks up out of the water of the new Sylvenstein reservoir in the Upper Isar Valley, in Southern Bavaria. It is the last sign of the village of Fall—so called from rapids on the River Isar—covered by the water of the new reservoir formed in the area. On the right is the curving span of the new Sylvenstein Bridge spanning the narrow part of the lake. The Sylvenstein reservoir holds some 3,500,000,000 cubic feet of water feeding a new hydro-electric power station and is claimed to be the largest melted-snow reservoir in the whole of Europe. Another village, situated just under a mile away, was built to accommodate the inhabitants of Fall.

A LANDSLIDE IN A NORWEGIAN FJORD: A house torn away from its site on the side of a fjord at Sokelvik, near Tromsø, floats in the water. It was reported that four wooden buildings were swept away into the sea by a landslide. Nine people, who were all members of the same family, were stated to have lost their lives in the disaster. The village lies in the far north of Norway, inside the Arctic Circle.

CLEARING ONE OF NORWAY'S MAIN ROADS: On the route from western to eastern Norway, from Odda, a snow-plough is used to try and clear the road of the snows of the long winter in time for the holiday traffic at Whitsun. Only open for a brief period during the summer, the road, the only main route which runs inland through the southern mountains from the western coast, is much favoured by tourists.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE END OF THE BERLIN AIRLIFT: Sixteen-year-old Lynn Taylor, of Wimborne, Dorset, and twelve-year-old Robert Weaver, Jnr., of Los Angeles, carry a wreath to the foot of the memorial to those who lost their lives on the Anglo-American airlift. The fathers of both were killed in air accidents during the operation. In the background is Lord Attlee. The British Prime Minister at the time of the Berlin airlift was one of the principal speakers at a memorial meeting in the Deutschlandhalle. Among others in the hall were General Clay, M. Robert Schuman and Sir Brian Robertson.

WEST BERLIN HONOURS THOSE WHO PRESERVED ITS FREEDOM: A large crowd is gathered for the ceremony at the airlift memorial. It carries the inscription "They gave their lives for the freedom of Berlin in the service of the airlift, 1948 to 1949." Below are carved seventy-six names.

A ROYAL VISITOR TO THE UNITED STATES: King Baudouin of the Belgians stands between President and Mrs. Eisenhower before a State dinner at the White House. Behind are cadets representing the U.S. military academies. From left, they are: Coast Guard Cadet Hewitt; West Point Cadet Abrahamson; Air Force Cadet Seizys, and Midshipman Haumont, of the Belgian Navy, who is studying at the U.S. Naval Academy. King Baudouin is in the United States for a twenty-four-day visit.

THE WEST GERMAN DEFENCE MINISTER IN LONDON: Herr Strauss talks with Mr. Duncan Sandys, the U.K. Defence Minister, outside Lancaster House, in London. He arrived last week for a four-day stay in Britain. His programme included visits to the School of Artillery at Larkhill, to the R.A.F. and the Fighting Vehicle Research and Development Centre.

SOVIET DOCTORS STUDY THE WELFARE STATE: At London Airport from the left are: Dr. Sokolov, Superintendent of a general hospital in Kalinin; Mrs. Natasha Vorobyeva, International Secretary of the Medical Workers' Union, and Dr. Prokrovsky, President of the Union. They had arrived to study Britain's Health Service as the guests of the Socialist Medical Association. Their ten-day itinerary included visits to hospitals and medical centres and institutions in London, Kingston, Oxford, South Wales and Bristol. In Cardiff they hoped to see the Glamorgan v. the Indians cricket match. The doctors were also taken to Stratford-upon-Avon to see Paul Robeson in *Othello*.

BRITAIN TO PARTICIPATE IN SPACE SATELLITE RESEARCH: Lord Hailsham, Lord President of the Council, answers a question at a Press conference at Church House, Westminster. In centre is Mr. Aubrey Jones, Minister of Supply, and right Sir Edward Bullard, F.R.S. Shortly before the conference Mr. Macmillan had told the Commons that Lord Hailsham would be responsible for a British space research programme. A start is to be made at once on design and construction of instruments to be carried in satellites. These may be launched by American rockets. The possibility of adapting British rockets under development is to be considered. The project is as yet modest, being reckoned in hundreds of thousands of pounds annually.

World Affairs

CONVERSATION (IMAGINARY) ABOUT THE MIDDLE EAST

By JOHN CONNELL

BEYOND the river that men call death there is a happy and a pleasant place, a wide and noble parkland, where the vista of sunlit fields and woods merges into a far horizon of snowcapped mountains. The birds sing gaily and melodiously: always there is the sound of swiftly-running water, and the cries and laughter of children at their play. Hither come to enjoy their well-earned rest, to feast, to sing, to converse, the brave, the honourable and the faithful of all races and all creeds, who strove and served, fought and died for causes which they believed to be right.

This, you will say, is a silly fable, unsuited to the realities of our scientific age. But I have here a recording of a conversation which occurred there the other day between three men whom, as it happens, I knew in their lives on this earth. I am not at liberty to reveal how it came into my possession, but I have it in command to arrange that you hear it, and I must ask you to take it on trust.

First, like any chairman of any Discussion Group or Panel, let me introduce the speakers. The great ones do not necessarily have precedence there as here, but I think it would be courteous to let you meet first the monarch among these three: His Hashimite Majesty King Abdullah I of Jordan, who fell to an assassin's bullet one Friday in July 1951, as he went to pray at the Al Ak'sa Mosque in Jerusalem; next, the Ambassador, Reuven Shiloah, Political Adviser to the Israeli Foreign Ministry on Arab and Middle East Affairs. He died suddenly last week, at the age of fifty, in his home in Jerusalem, probably as the result of years of overwork (I knew him first as Kazlani, but it was the fashion, just after the State of Israel was formed, for people to give themselves good Hebrew and Biblical-sounding names); and finally the Anglican Benedictine monk, schoolmaster, publican and intelligence officer, Adrian Bishop, who broke his neck when he fell down the well of a staircase in an hotel in Teheran in 1942. The Arab king, the Jewish diplomat and the English monk-turned-soldier had more in common than you might have thought likely.

THE KING: Old friend and resolute opponent, you 've chosen an awkward moment to infiltrate, haven't you?

THE JEW: Your Majesty was always one for a joke. But if I may say so, with great respect, you don't choose your own moment of flitting very cleverly, did you? That was not like you, Sir, with your shrewd sense of timing.

THE KING: Poor Reuven. There he was, Brother Adrian, back in that cosy garden suburb which the Yehudis call their new Jerusalem, with a draft treaty between his people and my people, agreed and initialled, which I and my Government were ready to ratify: and then that deluded, fanatical boy gave me my quietus as I sought to enter the presence of the most Holy.

THE JEW: If my heart had been capable of breaking, it would have broken then. I wept when I heard.

THE KING: You wept for me, my friend, but you wept, too, secret envoy, hard and honest bargainer that you were, for the chance of peace between our peoples that you knew to be lost.

THE MONK: So many broken hearts, so many lost chances in the Middle East, yet it clanks and clatters dubiously on, to what dark and tragic end that we might have averted, had we been given the time?

THE KING: And what is it you 've been up to, Mr. Ambassador, hurrying about—to Persia, to Turkey, to Ethiopia and I don't know where else, trying to unite all these peoples against the Arabs?

THE JEW: There are some 50,000,000 Arabs in the Middle East, Your Majesty, if you include the Egyptians—

THE KING: Include the *Egyptians*?

THE JEW: And rather over 200,000,000 of the rest of us: Turks, Persians, Ethiopians, Israelis, and others. If the Arabs insist on playing their own lonely and crazy game, we others are learning that we have common interest and a common danger. We think that the danger threatens the Arabs even more directly now than it does some of us, but if the enemy engulfs the Arab countries of the Middle East, what sort of shrift shall we get? So we are learning that it pays to be ready and vigilant and that there is strength in numbers.

THE KING: My people are distracted by foolish fancies; they are like children with a box full of toys which they scatter and break and squabble over. You are quiet and withdrawn, Brother Adrian, are you not?

THE MONK: Perhaps it 's appropriate, Your Majesty. I am the spokesman of the people who withdrew before our task was complete. We brought the box of toys into the Middle East and opened it up; and when the squabbling began we ran away in a hurry saying, "Oh dear, oh dear, how dreadful, but what alternative had we? Anyway, they 're grown up and independent and democratic and all that, and it 's their business."

THE JEW: You still continue to hand out your toys, whether as gifts or on sale, with the most extraordinary sense of discrimination.

THE MONK: Fourteen million pounds' worth of brand-new arms for Iraq because if we don't the Russians will? My people, too, are distracted by foolish fancies—the irresponsible, selfish, short-sighted whims of the aged.

THE KING: It was made clear that His Imperial Majesty the Shahinshah was consulted about the deal, while he was in London, and that he raised no objection. I also read in a thoroughly serious newspaper that there were similar consultations with representatives of neighbouring countries.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES IN THE MIDDLE EAST: *Left*—The late King Abdullah of Jordan, followed by his son, Prince Naif, is seen coming ashore from H.M.S. *Victory* at Portsmouth during a visit to Britain in 1949. *Right*—The late Ambassador Reuven Shiloah, of Israel, shakes hands with Colonel Sudki el Jundi of Jordan during the 1949 Rhodes negotiations. The King and Ambassador are two characters in John Connell's Imaginary Conversation on this page.

THE JEW: The Egyptians believe——

THE KING: *The Egyptians.*

THE JEW: ——believe that it is all part of a Zionist-Imperialist-Communist conspiracy to overthrow the noble Arab nation. *We* don't much like the idea of all those useful British arms getting into the hands of the present regime in Iraq; I greatly doubt whether your Majesty's grandson does either, but the Egyptians are really going to town about it.

THE KING: A great-uncle of mine, a holy and devout man whom you may have encountered in these groves and meadows, used to hold that the whole Egyptian race was the result of an illicit but extremely fruitful union between a monkey and a donkey. I can see no reason to dissent from this amiable theory.

THE MONK: Yet numerous Middle Eastern experts amongst my people have argued that Colonel Nasser is a bulwark against Communist penetration of the Middle East.

THE KING: An *Egyptian*, a bulwark? If there is anyone, Brother Adrian, whom I distrust more than an Egyptian it is one of your British Middle East experts. The knaves among them, I concede, have been few—but the sentimental simpletons! They have been patronising and glib and complacent, but they have known so little, and ignorance is harmful. The old feuds and the old rivalries, in new guises, blaze across our lands; are we only to find unity in defeat and slavery?

THE JEW: The Middle East slept through a long night, and only lately has begun to awake to an angry, stormy dawn.

THE KING: I am conservative in outlook, Mr. Ambassador, and I think I preferred the tranquillity of the night. You and your industries, your huge trucks rolling up and down those roads, your energy, your wealth from overseas, your internal resources, your ingenuity and your stubbornness——

THE MONK: The Arabs have their oil, your Majesty.

THE KING: Ah, would they had not. Why God the compassionate, the all-merciful and the all-seeing, has chosen to burden my people with this weight of vulgarity, corruption, cupidity and danger is beyond the wit of man to comprehend. What sin had we committed that we should deserve this punishment?

THE JEW: Without being masochistic, we could do with just a little of it.

THE MONK: It is ironic to reflect, my friends, on the material need which we have invented and then aggravated—so that the lust for oil is greater now than was ever that for gold or diamonds or spices—and of the moral and political chaos with which we have contrived to surround it.

THE KING: The irony does not end there, Brother Adrian. For one kind of materialism the peoples of the Middle East, Arab and non-Arab, are being nudged and nagged to exchange another. Political independence has proved to be anything but freedom, and now new armies of slave-masters are at the gates.

THE JEW: I would carry your irony even a stage further. The oil for which those in the West will go to any degree of humiliation and self-abasement to procure is of little significance to their enemies. All they have to do—and it looks as if they are likely to do it at any minute—is to stretch out and turn off the tap. They do not need it. Merely to deny it to the West is quite sufficient for their purposes.

THE MONK: So a detachment of the Red Army heads southward out of Samarkand, takes up its position at Herat, sixty miles from the Russo-Afghan border and straddles the only road from Meshed to Kabul. What happens now to the military dispositions of those allies under the Bagdad Pact, Persia and Pakistan? From the enemy's point of view a few men moved at the right time to the right place can do the work of many divisions and achieve a major victory at little cost.

THE KING: You remind us, Brother Adrian, that in other times you were a soldier as well as a monk.

THE MONK: But, thanks be to God, never a politician. Middle Eastern politics, I have long been convinced, are far too serious a matter to leave to the politicians.

THE KING: So my grandson has discovered.

THE JEW: With our stubborn adherence to the beliefs in liberalism and social democracy which we brought with us in our homecoming, we regard opinions like these as defeatist and reactionary. But perhaps, Brother Adrian, you were still in your ironic mood?

THE MONK: Perhaps.

THE KING: The dogs bark, but the caravan passes—I wish that saying were as obviously true now as it seemed in my youth. But I have an uncomfortable feeling that the caravan is lumbering down a sunless *wadi* to a bleak end.

THE MONK: If we three were still on the other side of the river, should we, I wonder, manage matters better?

THE KING: A question to which none of us will ever know the answer. Let us have done with disputation, and sit here quietly feeling the breeze upon our faces, watching the sunlight dance among the leaves, and listening to the birds, the running water and those indomitable, tireless crickets.

DEMOLITION AND CONSTRUCTION

The 1958 Exhibition Site and New Roads in Brussels

Until comparatively recently Brussels was a place which was avoided, if possible, by motorists. The congestion in the centre of the city was considered among the worst in Europe. The authorities realised that the problem would have to be solved, even without the prospect of the Exhibition of 1958. Recognising that the Exhibition would inevitably add enormously to the traffic, they set to work to plan a system which, now it is finished, could be studied to advantage by other countries.

Following the line of the old fortifications, which disappeared a century ago, an inner ring road was devised. Whenever possible this road goes over existing streets, or under them. The result is a system of fly-overs and tunnels which make driving for motorists speedy and pleasant. A corollary was new motorways out of Brussels. One which has been completed is the Brussels-Ostend highway, running almost straight over its 65 miles. Roads are probably the finest legacy of the 1958 Exhibition. The site at Heysel Park is now being dismantled. But some buildings are to remain there and so is the Atomium, the structure of nine huge spheres illustrating electrons orbiting round a central nucleus.

Below—

EASING TRAFFIC CONGESTION IN THE CAPITAL OF BELGIUM: Cars drive through one of the well-lit tunnels in Brussels, which have helped to solve the city's traffic problem. There are four lanes for vehicles.

MEMORIES OF THE WORLD'S FIRST ATOMIC AGE EXHIBITION: The picture was taken from the Atomium, the central feature of last year's Universal and International Exhibition in Heysel Park, outside Brussels. From centre foreground the Avenue de Belgique runs to the Place de Belgique with the Reception Hall flanked by other buildings of the Grand Palais beyond. On each side of the Avenue is the site of the Belgian section of the Exhibition. The pavilion for electrical energy was on the left and for chemical industries on the right. Extreme left is the tram terminus. Extreme right the food industries pavilion still stands. The Exhibition closed in October. The Atomium and some buildings will stay in the grounds of Heysel Park.

On left—

A LEGACY FROM THE EXHIBITION: On the right a fly-over passes over a street in the Belgian capital. Signal lights are placed high above the roadway for three lines of traffic. Long before 1958 the traffic problem in Brussels had become acute. Faced by the prospect of a vastly increased volume of vehicles during the Exhibition months, the authorities planned and built a new ring road around the inner part of the city which at many points employs either fly-overs or tunnels.

On right—

BELOW A FLY-OVER: Trams halt at a stopping-place beneath a concrete structure which carries traffic above the street. The Brussels tram system is believed to be one of the most extensive in the world. Although the tramcars are old-fashioned in type, the system is planned in a most up-to-date manner. Lines often run in long tunnels, which have been built below busy streets.

HOCHEFET

DISASTER ON THE NILE

Heavy Casualties from the Capsizing of a Steamer

The steamer *Dandara* set out from Cairo carrying Egyptian agricultural engineers and other Government officials with their wives and families on a river excursion. Off Barrage Gardens, a beauty spot 16 miles downstream towards the Nile Delta, she sprang a leak. A river boat took her in tow and about fifty of the trippers were transferred to a launch. As the steamer neared the bank, the passengers remaining on board crowded on one side, with disastrous consequences. Water poured in and the vessel capsized. *Dandara* quickly sank and most of those on the lower deck were trapped below the surface of the water.

One of the difficulties facing the rescuers was that nobody seemed to know the precise number of those who had embarked for the excursion. Probably it was about 250, although some estimates put it as high as 300. Within 24 hours, divers, frogmen and military medical units had found fifty-eight bodies. A description of each was given over a loudspeaker system and waiting relatives came forward to identify it. Between seventy and eighty of the passengers had still to be accounted for. Cranes were brought up to the bank and tried to lift the ship. But her lower part was so firmly embedded in the mud that the attempt had to be abandoned. The funeral of some of the victims was held in Cairo and was attended by representatives of President Nasser.

A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE THE TRAGEDY: The *Dandara*, on a pleasure cruise on the Nile north of Cairo, has sprung a leak and is being towed by a river boat. The passengers, numbering probably about 250, were Egyptian Government officials, their wives and families. About fifty were taken off in midstream. As *Dandara* neared the bank, those remaining on board crowded to one side. This caused the steamer to capsize. Many passengers were trapped below water and drowned.

A DIVER GOES DOWN: Adjustments are made to his helmet before he goes down to search for survivors. Frogmen were also operating on the scene of the disaster.

STRUGGLING ASHORE: Survivors fight their way through the water above the wreck while rescuers go out to them. Only the funnel of the *Dandara* is visible. The death roll was estimated at over 130.

TWO STAGES IN THE RESCUE OPERATIONS: Boats look for survivors round the smoke-stack of the steamer. *On right*—A crane tries to lift the wreckage. The attempt had to be abandoned for the time being because the lower part of the *Dandara* was firmly held in the mud on the bed of the river.

LARGE-SCALE RESCUE OPERATIONS ON KARIBA LAKE: As the waters build up behind the Kariba Dam, in Rhodesia, the coastline of the lake alters continuously, and islands appear, only to disappear a short time afterwards. Many animals have been trapped on these islets. Some of the most difficult creatures to rescue are zebra, who are strong enough to break through nets and possess sharp hooves. This stallion, found swimming in the water, is tied to the side of a launch and towed to the shore.

REFUGEES FROM KARIBA

Animals Trapped on Islands Formed by the Rising Waters Behind the Rhodesian Dam are Taken to Safety by Game Department Rescue Teams

THE waters behind the Kariba Dam, in Rhodesia, have been building up steadily to form Kariba Lake, estimated to be the largest man-made stretch of water in the world. It is calculated that the water will go on rising until August. One of the less fortunate results of this enterprise has been that many animals of varying sizes, from antelope to elephant, have been trapped on small islands. The beasts have tended to remain where they are, eating all the vegetation until they have become weak from hunger and unable to swim to safety. Large-scale operations are being continued on both the Northern and Southern Rhodesian shores of the lake to rescue these refugees.

According to the head of the Southern Rhodesian Game Department, the work will probably go on until after the lake is completely filled in 1963. The same source estimated that by the beginning of May some 650 animals had been saved by the Department. This did not include the numbers rescued by the Northern Rhodesian Game Department's teams. The question of how many animals have been trapped has agitated many people, and estimates have varied a great deal. Some time ago, the President of the Game Preservation and Hunting Association of Northern Rhodesia said that thousands of beasts had already been drowned. There were at that time 111 islands on the north side, and elephant, zebra, sable antelope, waterbuck and impala were trapped on about half of them. Many smaller animals—such as mongoose, rock rabbits and bush babies—were in danger, and tens of thousands of birds, including guinea fowl, partridges and waxbills, were refusing to leave their feeding-grounds.

At the time there was a feeling of dissatisfaction in the Federation that not enough was being done in the way of rescue work. Later reports said the numbers were much smaller than had been originally estimated. One observer during a four-hour flight over the area saw very few animals, but this might be accounted for by the thick and tangled undergrowth on the islands. On the lake shore there are large herds of elephant, buffalo and different types of buck retreating as the water rises.

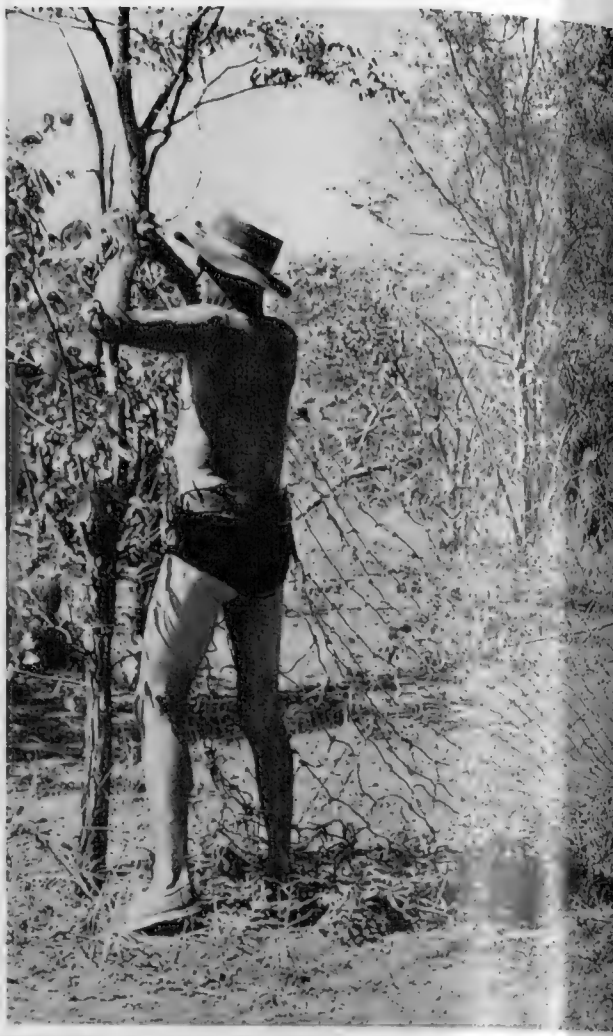
Before the lake started to fill, it was theoretically supposed that the animals in the area would swim to safety. In many instances this did not happen; beasts stayed until too weak to move. Also, different specimens of the same species can swim varying distances. Some bushbuck can manage 100 yards; others sink after 30 yards. In addition, the animals tend to move from one island to the next, instead of making for the mainland.

(Continued on following page)

DIFFICULTIES OF NAVIGATION: A launch used in the rescue work noses through the undergrowth on an island as the team looks for a channel to dry land. Game Departments of Northern and Southern Rhodesia are engaged on both sides of the lake.

A HARMLESS AND COMICAL REFUGEE: An ant-bear, flushed from his hole, is secured to be taken to safety. Estimates of the numbers of trapped animals have varied considerably; it appears that the situation is not as serious as was feared.

A RESCUE TEAM ON KARIBA LAKE: Ankle-deep in the water covering the partially submerged land, members of the team carry nets on to one of the small islands. The nets are stretched across a narrow part of the islet and the animals are driven into it, so that they can be captured and taken by high-speed launch to the lake shore.



PREPARING TO CATCH THE ANIMALS: One of the rescue workers, net stretched across a narrow part of the island. The ne towards it by beaters. Although some animals have swum

(*Continued from previous page*)

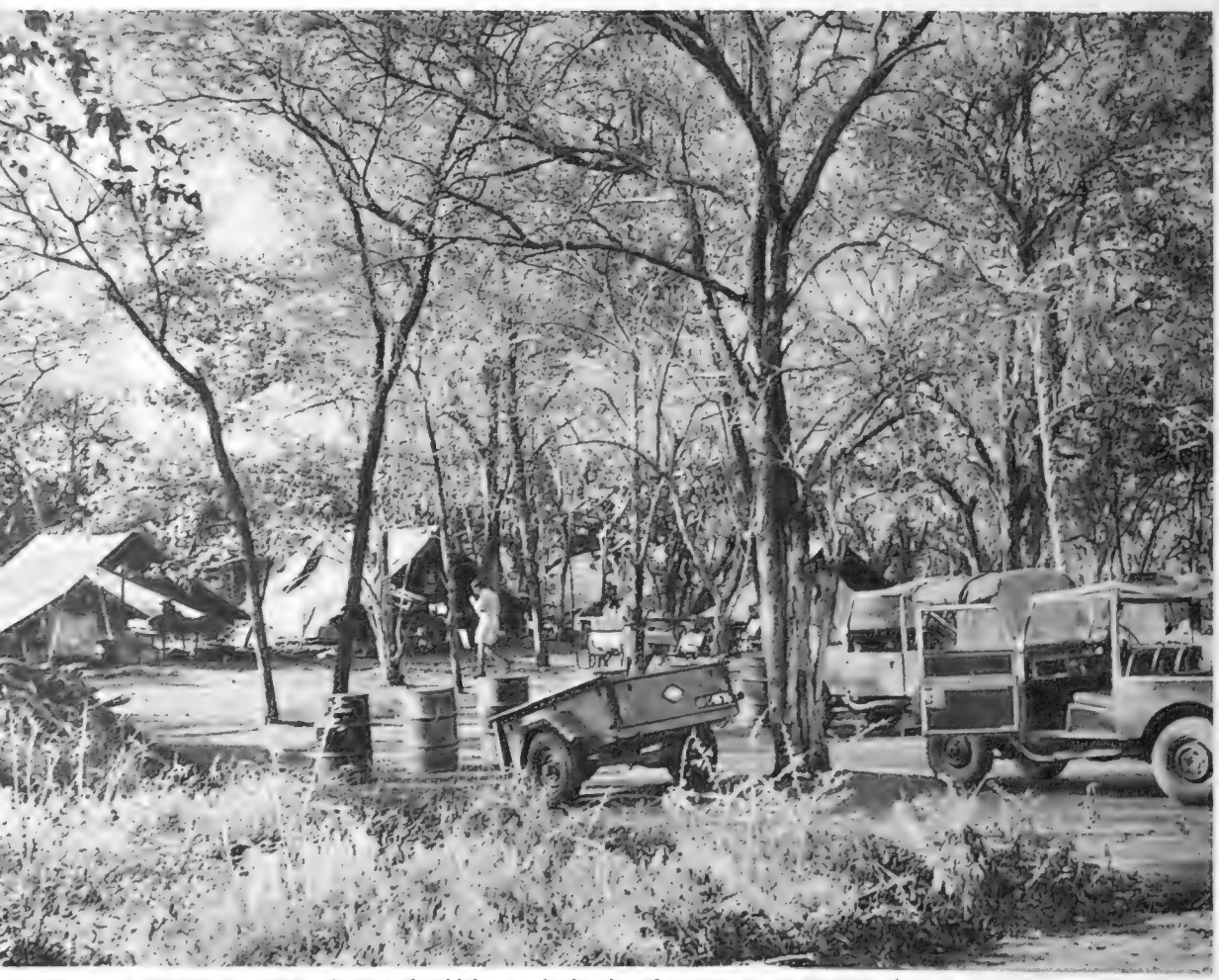
Rescue teams are now engaged in intensive operations on both sides of the lake. One of these teams on the north side is led by Mr. Ted Edelman, a Polish-born former R.A.F. fighter pilot. He has been busy rescuing 1,500 animals from about 180 ever-changing islands. Male buck rescued by the team are released, but females are sent to the game park at Livingstone to build up stock. In order to fortify them for the 300-mile journey, they are given glucose tablets. Tests are carried out on the animals to see if they have sleeping sickness.

In operation, the team travels to an island in small, high-speed launches, able to navigate between the tangled undergrowth. On the island, they set up nets, into which beaters drive the game. The beasts, small buck-like duikers, civet cats, wart-hogs, are ferried to safety on the fast launches. They are held down by the legs and head—but not roped unless absolutely necessary as this tends to injure the legs of deer. A few yards from the shore, they are put overboard to swim the last few yards ; this enables them to cool down and recover from shock. Bigger game, such as kudu antelope, are driven into the water and escorted ashore.

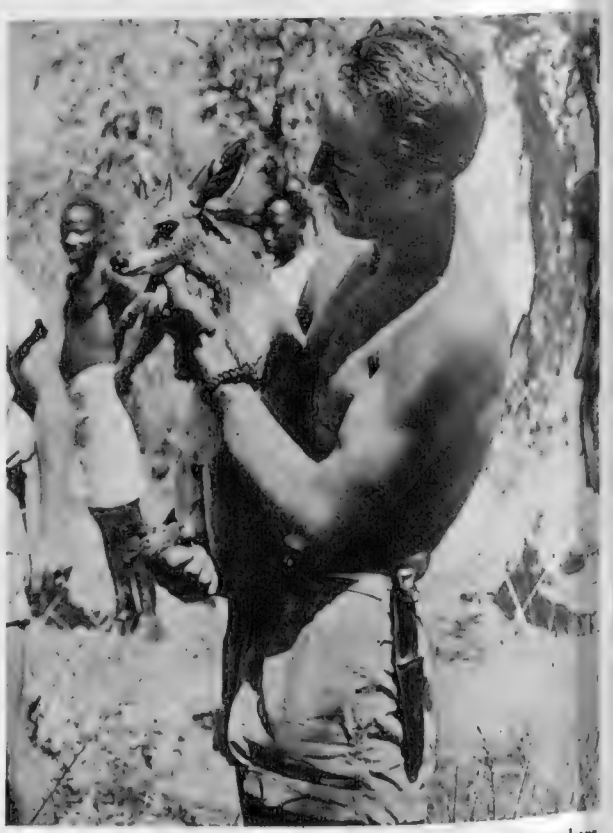
In general, although a few elephants and one or two leopards have been seen, the really large animals appear to have made their escape by the time the rescue teams reach the islands. It is the smaller game, and particularly does with young who have remained. Many of the beasts are dangerous to handle ; zebra have scarred the woodwork of launches they have been swimming alongside.

Although at one time there was much criticism in some Rhodesian game circles over the way the rescue work was being organised, Mr. A. D. Fraser, the head of the Southern Rhodesian Game Department, said that he was confident the Department could save practically every animal which might be drowned. " This is," he said, " nowhere near the tens of thousands that people think it is." Specialised equipment and knowledge, as well as funds, have been provided by the Game Preservation and Hunting Association of Northern Rhodesia. Money has come from voluntary contributions, some of it from Britain.

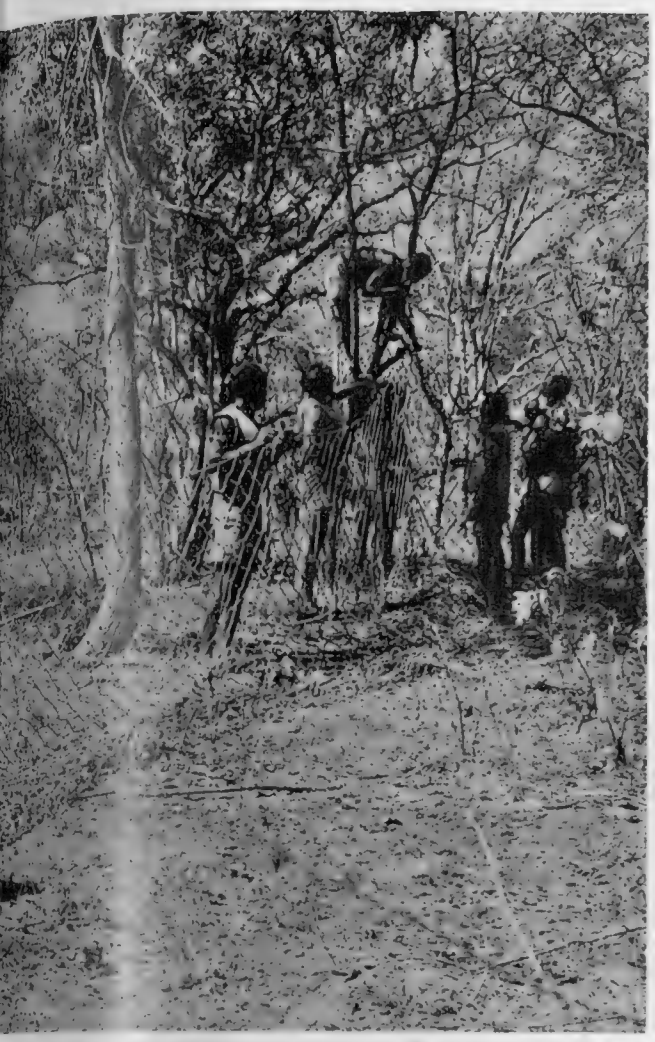
REFUGEES FROM KARIBA



A TEMPORARY CAMP: Tents and vehicles mark the site of a camp set up by a Northern Rhodesian game preservation team. The teams have been formed by the Government in conjunction with the Game Preservation and Hunting Association. Some of the funds, over £5,000 from Britain alone, have been provided by voluntary contributions.



A SMALL AND APPEALING REFUGEE: One of the rescue workers holds up a baby duiker—a small type of antelope. It was one of the animals dispatched to the Livingstone Game Park.



attired in sun-hat and swimming costume, fixes up one end of the
tting is disguised with boughs and grass and the beasts are driven
to safety, others have remained until they have eaten all the food.

SWIMMING TO SAFETY: A kudu cow—a species of large antelope found throughout Africa—is escorted by a motor-boat.

AN UNTHANKFUL BEAST: A civet cat snaps at one of its rescuers as it is restrained by a rope. Both men are members of the Northern Rhodesian Game Department. Civets belong to an order of flesh-eating mammals like cats.

On right—

DISCUSSING OPERATIONS: The leader of one of the game preservation teams, Mr. Ted Edelman (centre), discusses the next day's work with two other members of the team, Mr. Noel Verrender (left) and Mr. Tom Philp. Mr. Verrender, a Northern Rhodesian farmer, is a member of the Game Preservation and Hunting Association, and volunteered to help in the rescue work. The others belong to the Game Department.

AN OPPORTUNITY TO STUDY: Mr. Bill Mitchell (left), a biologist of the Northern Rhodesian Game Department, measures a civet cat. He said that the operations would provide a chance to study the endurance of game animals.

A FORCIBLE RESCUE: A wart-hog, armed with long, dangerous tusks, is wrapped up in a net so that it can be transported without causing any damage. The species resembles the wild boar. The pictures on these three pages were supplied by the Northern Rhodesian Information Department.

A TIDE OF BUNGALOWS

A Transitional Period for the Isle of Thanet

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

I WAS in a bus going towards Margate. It was a beautiful day and the blossom was out, and the bus was empty. So the conductor and I got into conversation. I remarked on the profusion and beauty of the blossom. He waxed quite poetic about it and for quite a long time. Then he stopped suddenly, gave me a long, hard stare, and said : " Ar, look long. It 's like to be the last yew 'll see of 't, bor." (By the appellation, he proved that he was not a Kent man at all, but an East Anglian.) Now, this remark, coming out of the blue, accompanied by that penetrating stare, shocked me. I had not realised that I looked quite as bad as all that. I had been counting on a few more blossom-times, anyway.

But soon I realised that he was not referring to my sickening appearance at all. We came off the hinterland of the Isle of Thanet and into a rash of bungalows. The conductor waved an arm. " Spreading like the ——— pox. Fortunes being made. Ruining the ruddy place." He was really quite worked up about it.

I do not know about the fortunes. I am told that land values have doubled, and more than doubled, in the past two years ; so maybe one or two speculators have done pretty well. But I do know about the bungalows. You just cannot miss them. All round the coast of Thanet, and much further (all the way from Whitstable to Ramsgate—or so I was told, though I did not myself go as far west as Whitstable), there are bungalows, and more and more bungalows are springing up. Wherever (or so it seems) there is an empty piece of ground, there you will see a notice up about building land for sale. I was on the Isle of Thanet for three days, and on the third day I noticed that two parcels of land which I had seen advertised for sale on the first day had been sold. There can be no doubt that there is a building boom in this part of Kent. It is a bungalow boom. There is scarcely a two-storied house being built anywhere. I do not remember seeing even one. It is bungalows, bungalows everywhere.

CRUISING OFF THE ISLE OF THANET: The Eagle Steamers' Motor Vessel *Royal Daffodil* is seen leaving Margate Pier. She is one of the fleet of steamers operated by the General Steam Navigation Co. Ltd., on regular trips between London, Gravesend and holiday resorts on the east and south-east coasts. Trips are also made across the Channel to French ports. In the foreground of this picture are Margate's Winter Gardens and Theatre.

I did not, I must point out, go to the Isle of Thanet to investigate a building boom. I am not in the least interested in the phenomena as such. I had not, as a matter of fact, realised that anything of the sort was happening: had I done so, I should probably not have gone, for building in progress is rarely beautiful. No, I just went to have a look at the Isle of Thanet, because this is a part of England which I do not know at all. True, I was once in Ramsgate for an afternoon, but that was some thirty years ago—and there was a thick fog at the time. I thought that it would be pleasant to have my first exploration of the Isle of Thanet in blossom-time. It is not as much of an island as that other Kentish island, the Isle of Sheppey. It is not even as much of an island as the Isle of Grain. It is now an island only in name, as is the Isle of Purbeck. You have not—or, at any rate, I had not—the slightest idea when you get on it or when you come off it.

This was not always so. It was an island in the proper sense of the word when the Romans came, and it was a genuine island when the Saxons landed at Ebbsfleet. It seems quite likely that in those days what are now the Goodwin Sands, lying some six miles off-shore, was also an island, and perhaps even inhabited. There is a legend about an island called Lomea in the eleventh century, an island which belonged to the famous Earl Godwin, and which was situated just where the Goodwin Sands now are. It is easy to dismiss this as a sort of Atlantis legend (which is the correct thing to do), and when you look at it now, when you look out to sea from Deal or Ramsgate, it seems quite impossible that there was ever an island there. Yet, I wonder. You can still land on the Goodwins at certain tides, and I believe that a game of football is played on them from time to time.

Anyway, to-day it seems just as impossible that Sandwich was ever a port as that Thanet was ever a real island. The sea has played some capricious tricks in this part of the world. To-day, it seems quite impossible that Edward III, in the fourteenth century, could have sheltered a fleet of 1,600 vessels, for the campaign that was to end with the Battle of Crecy and the conquest of Calais, between the Isle of Thanet and the mainland. But he did. More recently even than that: the River Wantsum, which with the Stour forms the boundary of the Isle of Thanet, was navigable up to the end of the fifteenth century and in part navigable much later than that. You have a look at the Wantsum to-day—that is, if you can find it—and you will not believe it. But it was so. If these things happened, why not the island of Lomea ?

The best way to approach the Isle of Thanet is obviously by A 28 from Canterbury—which is the way I left it, my car having in the meanwhile been cured of some obscure internal complaint—for then you get some fine open country, and some of it quite high with wide, sweeping views. There is the promise of the sea, the feel of the sea. You do get in the countryside round Acol something of the feeling of an island. It was the only place on the Isle of Thanet where I had any such feeling.

But I came to Thanet by way of Sandwich. Sandwich, which is not in the Isle of Thanet, is the oldest of the Cinque Ports. It was for long England's most important harbour, and even as late as the fifteenth century its Customs amounted to something like £20,000 annually. The creeks began to silt-up in the sixteenth century, but then Flemish refugees transformed the marshes into England's first market gardens and so delayed the inevitable for a little while. The encroaching sands won in the end and for many many years Sandwich was virtually a depressed area. To-day it is exceedingly prosperous. Such is the quirkiness of fate, it is the sands that have brought this prosperity—in the form of golf courses. The wealthy play golf at Sandwich. You have only to stroll round the charming old town to sense the monied comfort that abounds.

The moment you cross the toll-bridge, driving north for Thanet, you leave the picturesque for the utilitarian. There is a fringe of light industry along this flat road built across the marshes, which is ugly in the extreme. These factories, have, I suppose, sprung up on what were military installations—there is a sort of camp atmosphere about them—for it is an astonishing place in which to find factories. But there must be more to this site than meets the eye, for new ones are being built. The whole of the marsh life, however, has not yet disappeared. There is a large fireworks factory and, sitting more or less in the middle of it, hard by a blast-wall, I saw a hare. Altogether, on the short stretch from the toll-bridge to Pegwell Bay, I counted twenty-two hares. Thanet was once a famous place for hares and for the coursing of them. Their descendants seem to be making the best of a bad job. At any rate, I saw more hares along this built-up coastal fringe than I did on the open country inland.

Pegwell Bay, now a well-laid-out and financially-conscious suburb of Ramsgate, is historically romantic. Every other name on the map is in Gothic type. Here Hengist and Horsa landed. Here Ethelbert received St. Augustine. Here, maybe, Canute gave his courtiers their lesson on the limitations of power, using the sea as an example. Historically, these are among the most interesting acres in all England: and yet you get no sense of history. You do, however, get a sense of ancient seaborne contacts in Ramsgate. In a way the town is very like Weymouth: the same pleasant mixture of Regency and Victorian lodging-houses, a small harbour, little boats. But Weymouth is characteristically, determinedly English. Ramsgate has a characteristic which is very rare in England. Look back from the quay and you might be looking at a Continental seaport (it reminds me of Dieppe), and this is simply a matter of atmosphere, not of architecture or of people. In Ramsgate, much more than at Pegwell Bay, you realise that Thanet was the strategic bridgehead eagerly sought by all our invaders.

There is none of this about the rest of the coast of Thanet. It is tremendously English, London holiday-making English. This is not how it all started. Thanet achieved fame, and a considerable measure of prosperity, as a sort of vast sanatorium. The Victorian and Edwardian invasion of the Isle of Thanet was an invasion of the tuberculous, for the air is wonderfully bracing (I do not think that I have ever slept so well) and was deservedly recognised as such by the medical profession. It was recognised, too, to be excellent for children. So now you find a vast number of convalescent homes and boarding-schools.

Superimposed on this now, and almost blotting it out, is the world of the fun fair, the vulgar postcard, the fish-and-chip shop, and the milk bar. Margate is the centre of this (though Ramsgate and all the others can well hold their own), a place given over to the entertainment of holiday-makers and especially those who can take only a brief holiday, and a place which caters for them quite exceptionally well. Margate has never, I think, attempted to be anything else. There has always been a residential fringe, of course—Birchington and " aristocratic " Cliftonville (though it seemed to me that Cliftonville was also now a land of lodging-houses)—but it was never very large, nor, basically, very important. But Thanet is changing, and I think that most of this is on the way out. There is another invasion from the west in progress and steadily gathering momentum. It is an invasion based on the railway. Railway communications with the Isle of Thanet have hitherto been pretty slow. Now the railway is being electrified, and soon Thanet will have its population of daily-breaders just as Brighton has.

This new invasion is bound to have an enormous effect on the whole of the Isle of Thanet, and not merely on the coastal fringe. I do not agree with my conductor friend that it will ruin the place. The hinterland of Thanet will surely remain very much as it is to-day: the railway is not going there. But the effect will be felt even in the most isolated parts of the interior. On the coastal fringe the change is going to be greater than that caused by any previous invasion. Prices, and not merely the price of land, must inevitably rise, and rise steeply.

At present the Isle of Thanet is cheap compared to, say, Brighton: in a year or two it will not be. Again the age of the population (at present on the whole elderly) is going to come down with a bump. It is no longer going to be a mainly retired population, but a working one; and one working mainly in London. That means that this is going to become largely a dormitory area, with consequent economic and political repercussions. Not the least of them will be on the holiday industry of Margate itself.

Nor do I agree with my conductor friend that the bungalows are ruining the place. True, they are sometimes packed dreadfully closely together, so that sometimes you wonder why on earth they bothered to separate them; why they did not build them in terraces. But many of them are quite charming. Every now and again I saw a bungalow that prompted me to think that there is developing in the Isle of Thanet a bungalow architecture that may well revolutionise future coastal building in Britain.

A CLOVER-LEAF JUNCTION ON THE LONDON TO BIRMINGHAM MOTORWAY: The main route, its dual carriageways divided by a strip of bushes, passes to the north at an angle to the existing A 45 from Daventry to Northampton, at a point to the east of Weedon. The two-level junction has a roundabout, with slip roads for filtering traffic over the motorway. The A 45 is raised on long approaches.

A PATTERN OF ROADS

Progress on the London—Birmingham Motorway

As the construction of the motorway is pushed ahead at great speed, it is possible to see the shape of this new addition to Britain's overloaded traffic system. When it is finished—the completion date is autumn of this year—the route will have six 12-ft. lanes, designed to curve in long sweeps through the countryside. Slip roads, two-level junctions and fly-overs will enable motorists to pass straight through, cruising at speeds of up to 70 m.p.h. The inside lane is designed for heavy traffic, moving relatively slowly, the middle lane for faster vehicles, and the right-hand lane for overtaking. Motorists stopping on the road, except in emergency, will be liable to a fine. When opened, the London-Birmingham motorway should restore some of Britain's prestige in the motoring world, damaged in the Preston By-pass misfortune and in comparisons with motorways in Holland and other parts of Europe.

PROGRESS ON THE ROUTE: South-east of Dunchurch, in Warwickshire, the Motorway is built on embankments to raise it above the level of the A 45. *Right*—The section on the left is the spur road running to Birmingham, while the main trunk of the road will go straight on to Yorkshire. Near the junction a restaurant, transport café, filling stations and vehicle parks are to be constructed. The completion date of the 55-mile stretch of motorway is scheduled for October of this year. Work has been going on twenty-four hours a day.

A LINE OF DARK SILHOUETTES: Undergraduate night-climbers at Cambridge edge their way along the roof of the Dining Hall of King's. In the background, dimly lit by lighting in King's Parade, is the famous chapel. Climbing the roofs and buildings has become a traditional sport.

A USEFUL FOOTHOLD: An ornamental cherub head assists a climber on the final pitch to the roof of the Wren Library in Trinity. The dignified and decorated façade has seemed to many night-climbers to have been designed for the sport.

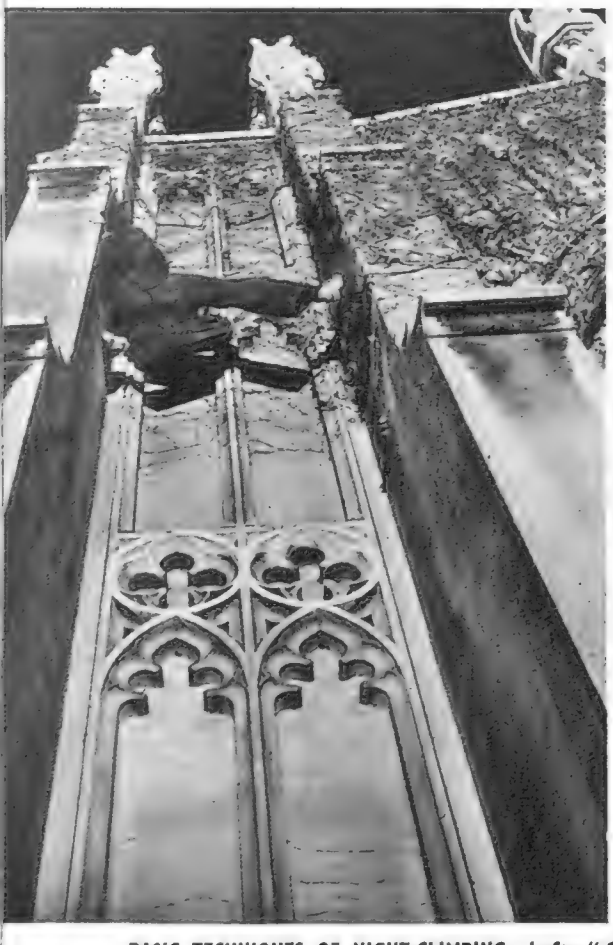
At one time, not so long ago, in Cambridge, it used to be a comparatively simple task to climb to the roof of King's College Chapel to admire the view of the University at night. Scaffolding and builders' ladders, during renovation work, provided an easy route. It was, however, advisable to choose a dark and foggy night to escape being seen by the various authorities—college porters, policemen or proctors. On such nights, however, it was difficult to see anything from the roof.

But for a small proportion of generations of undergraduates, climbing has meant the challenge of the lofty and imposing façades of the college buildings. It is not the view from the top, but the excitement of the difficult route which is the lure. Wearing dark, close-fitting clothes, and soft shoes, the climber is rarely detected. Although officially frowned on, it is a sport whose exploits and exponents have occasionally won the private approval of some college tutors.

In general, the novice starts on the nursery slopes of the Old Schools, built at various times from the fourteenth century onwards, and providing climbs of varying difficulty. At this stage a rope is often employed. Later the experienced climber dispenses with such an aid; he prefers to be unencumbered with tell-tale evidence of his proclivity. Basically, night-climbing employs the techniques of mountain-climbing, although special care has to be taken to ensure that no damage is caused to the stonework. No pitons can be driven in for footholds. "Chimneying" is a basic method. This needs two facing walls, close together. The climber wedges his back and hands against one and his feet against the other and edges his way up. The traditional peak climb of King's College Chapel used such a "chimney" up the façade; to-day the college authorities have barred it with spikes and smooth stones. Climbers have been busy finding another route to the roof.

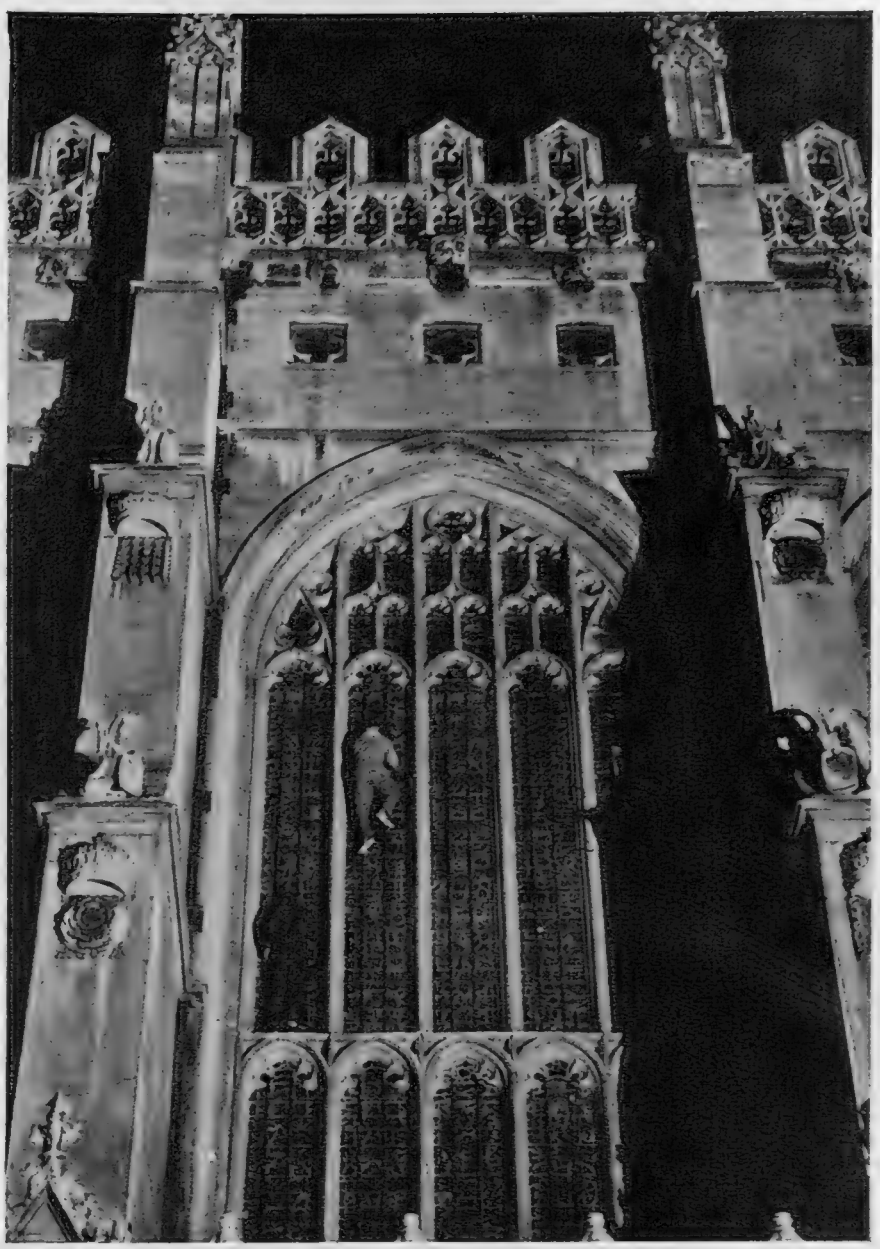
One difference between true climbing and night-climbing is the use of drainpipes; many different methods are used to climb these and care has to be taken that they do not come away from the wall. Many of the climbs are difficult rather than high up; there are tricky routes across the Bridge of Sighs over the Cam. Others involve leaping from one building to the next, as, for instance, the jump across the top of Senate House Passage. Rarely do the climbers advertise their exploits; many of the objects and utensils left at the top of spires and pinnacles are placed there as the result of some celebration or other or in connection with Rag-day.

After the night's climbing, the undergraduate is faced with the task of regaining his college. Many visitors have been awestruck by the fearsome revolving spikes which surmount the College walls. These often provide handholds and rarely do more than damage clothing. Cambridge is full of stories of unfortunate youthful undergraduates, locked out after midnight, staring at a high wall in a hopeless fashion, only to be approached by a policeman, told the easiest route and given a helping hand. Most colleges have several frequently used methods of ingress. There is the unauthenticated story of a somewhat officious proctor who approached a sometime Senior Tutor of Queens' and primly announced that he knew of five routes into the college. "What," so the story runs, "was going to be done?" The tutor, apologetic, replied, "My dear sir, it is all very difficult. I myself know of thirteen."



BASIC TECHNIQUES OF NIGHT-CLIMBING: *Left*—"Chimneying"—walking up a gap with back and hands against one wall and the feet against another—is a basic technique for all kinds of climbing. An undergraduate is seen during the ascent of the Eagle Chimney in St. John's. *Centre*—Nearing the top of the Eagle Chimney, the going is made tricky by the ivy. *Right*—A strongly-fixed drainpipe outside Trinity provides a way up a blank façade. Night-climbing has been strictly forbidden by the various University authorities.

PRACTISING ON THE "NURSERY SLOPES": Using a rope, a novice descends the façade of the Old Schools at the back of Senate House Yard. Now the offices of the Senate and University Registry, but once lecture rooms, the building provides a fine training ground.



THE ASCENT OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL: A "chimney" up to the roof was probably the most famous of the climbs. Since it was blocked climbers have been investigating alternative routes, including the use of the metal framework of the stained-glass windows.

THE NIGHT-CLIMBERS OF CAMBRIDGE

The Imposing University Buildings Have Provided Many Routes for this Traditional, Secret, Undergraduate Sport

CELEBRATION AT THE TOP: Climbers cling to the statues of Divinity, Physics and Mathematics, three of the four figures on the parapet of the Wren Library. Night-climbing is rarely remarked on, although a flourishing secret sport. Incongruous objects left on pinnacles are often the result of some celebration.

THE WAY HOME TO BED: In order to get back into his college, the climber is forced to surmount revolving spikes. Colleges close their gates at midnight, but there are illicit routes of varying difficulty into them.

THE WESTERNMOST POINT OF IRELAND: A pony and trap moves down the coastal road cut out of the mountainside at Slea Head, in Co. Kerry. The nearest land beyond, apart from the now-evacuated Blasket Islands, is America.

The Sphere of Travel

QUIET IN COUNTY KERRY

The Legend of Serpent Lake ; Good Fishing in Waterville ; The Fine Seascape of the Dingle Peninsula ; A Hamlet with a Bohemian Guest House

By GORDON COOPER

MY one-time Chinese friend Dr. Chen used to tell me that his theory of leisure was that time is useful when it is not being used. He also quoted a Chinese proverb which said: " Leisure in time is like unoccupied floor space in a room." How basically sound are such views, yet in our modern civilisation how hard to practise. But if you, too, should wish to follow these precepts, if only for a short time on holiday, then I say " Go to Ireland." The Irish, with the possible exception of the Spanish, are the only people left in Europe who regard time as not being made for slaves.

It was, therefore, with peculiar delight that I recently made my way across the Irish Channel to Dublin, en route for Kerry. Even the air journey (85 mins. from London) is a joy, for Aer Lingus must be the only airline which does not treat its passengers as though they were sardines, for they provide only four seats instead of the usual five in a line on their Viscounts. I can also recommend the pleasant bar at Dublin's airport where I was introduced into the joys of " Irish coffee " (coffee spiked with whiskey and topped with real cream). Then, to the Shelbourne Hotel, as comfortable a place in which to stay as any in Europe; but this recommendation applies to many of the Irish hotels, where they combine excellence of comfort, food and service, with an atmosphere of friendly hospitality.

Dublin is as pleasant a capital in Europe as any in which to browse. My first stop is O'Connell Bridge, in order to enjoy the views up and down the Liffey which change throughout the day with the colour of the sky. Then I like to revisit the Blaschka glass exhibit in the National Museum, even though it is rather hidden away on a top floor; after which a stroll round nearby Merrion Square, with its delightful Georgian houses, is rewarding. A browse at the bookstalls on the quays (why can't we have a similar feature on the Thames Embankment ?) brings me in due course to St. Michan's Church, where I like to make sure their mummies are still on view. A visit to the Abbey Theatre was rather disappointing on this occasion, and I found the Gate Theatre more satisfying.

Then, by self-drive car, I crossed Ireland to Killarney, stopping to visit the Japanese Gardens near Kildare and the remarkable group of ancient buildings at Cashel, and lunching at the pleasant country-house hotel of Kilcoran Lodge, near Kilcoran—a recommended spot for a peaceful holiday, with fishing available.

Frankly, Killarney proved to be rather a disappointment, for it is a place which has been extravagantly eulogised. The town itself is rather dull, and only one hotel faces on to the lake. Nor is there a lakeside walk. There is also an air of commercialisation about this part of Ireland, with a certain amount of touting and other soliciting to see the views. I found, however, Dinis Island, with its exotic plants and shrubs, delightful, while from the ruins of Aghadoe there is an excellent panoramic view of mountains and lakes. I trundled up the Gap of Dunloe on horseback, hoping to see the last of Ireland's serpents in one of its small mountain lakes—but without success.

There is a legend that Saint Patrick lured this snake, the last of Ireland's serpents, into a chest, with the promise that it would be freed to-morrow. But to-morrow never comes, and the people in the Gap of Dunloe will tell you that they frequently hear the serpent crying out from the depths: " Is it to-morrow yet ? Is it to-morrow yet ? " Furthermore, they will tell you that if you notice waves rolling against the shore they are caused by the struggles of the venomous captive at the bottom of what ever since has been called the Serpent Lake. But Killarney is full of curious legends, and the local jarvey drivers certainly increase their tips by relating some of them.

Fortunately, the countryside around the lakes is now a National Park, presented to the Irish Government by three Americans. In it there is the delightful Muckross Abbey, one of the best-preserved ecclesiastical ruins in Ireland; every corner reflects the bygone life of the Franciscan monks. It is a pity, though, that in the adjoining graveyard rather ugly modern tombs are allowed to intrude.

Undoubtedly, the best approach to Killarney is from Kenmare, for it brings you through wild, desolate mountain country to the lonely Upper Lake, with the other two lakes opening out before you in a romantic manner. Kenmare itself is a dull town, and it was here I made the understandable error of passing through the swing-doors of a local bank, imagining it was a bar! My route then brought me to Parknasilla—a lovely coastal drive along the Kenmare Estuary—where there is a very fine hotel, complete with sub-tropical gardens and golf course. A little further on, along the road known as the " Ring of Kerry," is Sneem, at the head of an estuary and favoured by artists. It possesses a pleasant, small hotel.

My own goal was Waterville, the centre of possibly the best fishing in Ireland and offering what I consider to be the most satisfying hotel in Europe. This is a strong claim to make, but I do know that I cannot think of any other establishment where one feels more at home, due to the way in which the Huggard family, the proprietors, have brought the art of hotel-keeping to a fine art. The fact that I met visitors who had been coming there regularly for thirty and forty years confirms my statement.

Waterville itself is most romantically and beautifully placed at the north-east corner of Ballinskelligs Bay, and it stands on a narrow strip of land separating it from Loch Currane, an angler's paradise. In addition to the free fishing there is an excellent local golf course and splendid bathing beaches. What more could one want for the perfect holiday ? The coastline, too, is superb.

With regret, I left Waterville and went on to Glebeigh (via Valentia), where there is another delightful hotel, with good fishing available and a splendid beach not far away. The next stop was the Dingle Peninsula, perhaps the most scenic part of Kerry. I would indeed claim that the seascape here is unsurpassed in Europe. I followed the coastal road from Castlemaine to Inch (3 miles of superb beach with surf bathing), and then on to Dingle, which was granted a charter by Queen Elizabeth I. This one-time walled town still retains an old-world air, and there is the story that after the defeat of the Armada many of the Spanish ships entered its harbour-bay, never to leave again. Hence the Spanish characteristics still to be seen in some of the local maidens.

It is not far from Dingle to Slea Head, the westernmost point of Ireland, with America the nearest land beyond. The coast here is majestic, especially when there is a rough sea. Nearby are the now-evacuated Blasket Islands, whose only inhabitants to-day are sheep; their mutton, due to the sea-drenched grass, is unexcelled in taste—a real gastronomic delight. You can, if you wish, visit these islands in calm weather by rowing-boat from Dunquin. This tiny hamlet, a mere cluster of houses, possesses a famous guest-house—Kruger's. It may not be to everyone's taste, for the hotel arrangements are rather unconventional, but you will surely be most entertained by its owner, " Kruger " Kavanagh, a one-time American theatrical agent, whose conversation roams over the most diverse subjects, and who attracts to his home many Bohemian characters. This corner of Ireland is also

AT THE NORTH-EAST CORNER OF BALLINSKELLIGS BAY: separates it from Loch Currane, an angler's paradise,

SUMMER CURLING AT CORTINA D'AMPEZZO

Between June 7-21 the second International Summer Curling with bonspiel will be held at this charming Italian resort in the Dolomites. The matches will take place on the artificial ice rink at the Olympic Stadium. There is, incidentally, a branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club in this resort. For further particulars of the programme, apply to the Tourist Office, Cortina d'Ampezzo. World Sport and Travel (198, Sloane Street, S.W.1) can make the necessary travel arrangements. Special hotel prices are operating during this period, and there is a variety of hotels to suit all purses.

A PEACEFUL IRISH HAMLET: Behind the tiny village of Cloghane, in Co. Kerry, is Brandon Mountain, its peak partly obscured in cloud. Cloghane, with the neighbouring hamlet of Brandon, faces on to Brandon Bay. It is reached from Dingle through the majestic Connor Pass. Nearby, to the east, on Tralee Bay, is Castlegregory, an equally peaceful place.

famous for the purity of the Gaelic language. In the vicinity are some most interesting prehistoric remains. I was attracted, too, by its early Christian monuments, including the Gallarus Oratory, one of the best preserved of early Christian buildings. After more than a thousand years it is still weatherproof.

From Dunquin I continued on to Smerwick Harbour, whose western rampart is the Sybil Head, a place much favoured by J. M. Synge. It is a place of grandeur. Then, because unfortunately there is no further coastal road, I had to cross over to Dingle, continuing from there by way of the majestic Connor Pass to the hamlets of Cloghane and Brandon, behind which is the magnificent spectacle of Brandon Mountain, and which face on to Brandon Bay. They are as peaceful as nearby Castlegregory.

My little tour of the Kingdom of Kerry ended at Tralee, whence I made side-trips to the popular seaside resort of Ballybunnion and the imposing ruins of Ardfert Cathedral. This land of light and shadow has some of Europe's best beaches, climbing, fishing, rough shooting, boating, and, not least, a delightful and most hospitable people.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

Irish Tourist Bureau, 71, Regent Street, London, W.1.

For Chauffeur-Driven and Self-Drive Cars ;

Murrays, Baggot Street Bridge, Dublin (also in Cork and Limerick).

RECOMMENDED READING

OFFICIAL GUIDE TO CO. KERRY (Irish Tourist Board. 1s.).

A FORTNIGHT IN KILLARNEY AND CO. KERRY, by John Gurdon (P. Marshall. 5s.).

IN THE KINGDOM OF KERRY, by Richard Hayward (Dundalk Press. 17s. 6d.).

RECOMMENDED HOTELS

DUBLIN—*Shelbourne.*
KILLARNEY—*Lake.*
TRALEE—*Benner's.*
KENMARE—*Great Southern.*
PARKNASILLA—*Great Southern.*
SNEEM—*Fitzgerald's (small).*
VALENTIA—*Royal.*
WATERVILLE—*Butler Arms.*
GLENBEIGH—*The Hotel.*
GLENCAR—*The Hotel (beside Caragh Lake, recommended for anglers).*
INCH—*Strand.*
DUNQUIN—*Kruger's Guest House (bohemian-style).*
DINGLE—*Benner's.*
CLOGHANE—*O'Connor's Guest House (small).*
BRANDON—*Mrs. O'Shea (very small, simple).*
CASTLEGREGORY—*O'Connor's Hotel (small).*

Waterville stands on a narrow strip of land which and has, as well as free fishing, a golf course and beaches.

THE PRICE OF OCEAN TRAVEL

Ocean fares vary so much that it is difficult to quote a definite price from one port to another. Nevertheless minimum fares for a particular class of travel do provide some yardstick of comparison, although it is necessary to be reminded that according to ship, deck and cabin such prices can easily be doubled.

On the Eastern and Australian services the cabin-class fare to Bombay is quoted at £125 and to Singapore at £180. If you went from Liverpool to Bombay on a cargo ship, however, £105 would be the minimum price. Perhaps you would like to sail from a French port to Singapore. Then the minimum single fare second-class would be £145, and for £3 10s. more the same ship would take you to Saigon.

Nearer to home, a single ticket to Port Said varies according to ship and class from £80 to £72. If you are lucky and obtain a first-class berth to Las Palmas in a ship bound for South Africa, £45 will be the least you will pay. Yet it is possible to reach the Canaries on another line running a West African service for a matter of £38. Should you fancy going on further to Freetown, £81 will be asked for a single passage and £103 should you not be enamoured of Sierra Leone and decide to go on to Lagos. Yet should you imagine that such fares are standard, you had better be reminded that the minimum first-class fare from a French port to Lagos, the Nigerian capital, is £135 3s.

The other side of Africa may attract you instead. A cargo vessel, which sometimes calls at Southampton or which you can join at Amsterdam at no extra charge from Harwich, can take you down to ports with magic names like Dar-es-Salaam, Mozambique, Beira and Lourenço Marques at fares from £114 to £132 single cabin-class. Yet should you be prepared to put up with the rigours of the tourist-class, another vessel belonging to the same line can put you ashore at the South African part of Durban by the same route for only £78.

Somewhat more expensive is the fare from Marseilles to Mauritius which ranges from £103 to £208, but what a delightful island awaits you. Perhaps you would prefer London to Trinidad for £100, or Antwerp to New Orleans for the same price. The choice is infinite.

W. D. C. C.

ROUND THE HOUSES

The Monaco Grand Prix is Won by a British Car

In the fine setting of Monte Carlo an Australian driver in a British car won the first Grand Prix of the season. The winner, Jack Brabham, driving a Cooper-Climax, completed the 195-mile race in 2 hrs. 55 mins. 51·3 secs., an average speed of 66·70 m.p.h. Tony Brooks, of Britain, in an Italian Ferrari, came second, 20 secs. behind, and the third place went to last year's winner, the Frenchman, Maurice Trintignant, also in a Cooper-Climax. The course starts on the seafront and winds and climbs for almost two miles through the streets of Monte Carlo round the Casino to finish back on the seafront. Sixteen cars, with most of the leading Grand Prix makes represented, started and only six finished. Two were Ferraris, one a Cooper-Maserati, and the other three Cooper-Climaxes. Stirling Moss, the British driver thought likely to win the race, retired when his Cooper-Climax developed axle trouble in the eighty-first lap after leading for fifty-nine laps.

THE MONACO GRAND PRIX: On the seafront at Monte Carlo, the French driver, Jean Behra, in an Italian Ferrari, is in front of the British driver, Stirling Moss, in a Cooper-Climax. On the extreme left is the Cooper-Climax driven by Jack Brabham, who won the race. Both Stirling Moss and Jean Behra retired. The first championship event of the season, the Monaco Grand Prix had sixteen entries; only six finished. The circuit is 1·95 miles long. Drivers have to make 100 laps.

On left—

ONE OF THE FINISHERS: The British driver, Roy Salvadori, in a Cooper-Maserati, races past the harbour. He was the last of the six competitors who completed the race.

A GARLAND FOR THE WINNER: Jack Brabham sits in his Cooper-Climax after winning a hard race. It was his first win in a Grand Prix event.

GRADIENTS AND BENDS: Stirling Moss, a favourite to win the race, takes the Station hairpin bend. *On left*—A Ferrari and a Cooper-Climax race up one of the circuit's many difficult slopes.

INDUSTRY'S OWN ARCHITECTURE—NEW FACTORIES

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

WELL over 18,000 new factories or extensions to existing ones, representing a total industrial working space of nearly 400,000,000 sq. ft. have been completed in Britain since the war, and projects totalling another 80,000,000 sq. ft. are under construction to-day. About 60 per cent. of the new factory space has been completed since 1953, when the great boom in British industrial investment began; and although the main impetus of industry's capital plans may have begun to pass by the beginning of last year, the amount of new factory building that continues to be approved by the Board of Trade is still at a fairly high level. Industry is steadily making itself more room to work.

Nobody knows with any precision how much room industry already has, and how much of its new building simply replaces old ones; post-war building may have added 10 to 15 per cent. to the total working space of Britain's 230,000 factories and workshops. But it seems likely that sheer replacement accounts for rather little of new building: most of it represents a net addition to the country's industrial "baseplate." A factory lasts a long time: in a recent survey, nearly one in six visited were found to have been built before 1900. It is likely to go through several "incarnations," with new tenants moving in as old owners find it too cramped and seek more workroom elsewhere.

Up to now, at least, one has not seen so much of the demolition of old factories in industrial cities to put up new ones as occurs with offices and stores in city centres. Factories are seldom right in the High Street; their sites are often very convenient for railway and even canal access, but the trend in light and medium industry makes these forms of transport less important; most important of all, the room their site offers is frequently not big enough for an industrialist putting down an extensive single-storey factory with an eye to further extension later. So the old factory tends to remain, taken over by a smaller firm working its way up, sometimes by several, and often, as a last resort where its location may still be an advantage, serving as some kind of warehouse.

New factory building in the last generation or so—and particularly since the Second World War—has moved to the outskirts of Britain's industrial cities, or farther off. There has been the need for extra space, for access to good road connections rather than good rail ones, the need to go farther and farther out of town to look for reserves of spare labour (though not too far, for the establishment of new industrial communities in really isolated rural areas has often proved expensive and unrewarding both to management and employees). Government policy, aimed since the war at urging industrialists to put down their new plant in the development areas, has coincided with the national shortage of labour to encourage companies to look farther afield. A more basic shift in industrial location that was already occurring before the war has continued: southward into the Midlands and beyond, with the London and south-eastern region beginning to become the industrial as well as the commercial centre of the country, particularly in the newer light industries.

A factory is fairly seldom a commanding piece of architectural design, though many companies are paying more attention than they did to make its roadward aspect, at least, look fairly neat. The single-storey factory that was first widely used in the United States has conquered here, too: about 80 to 90 per cent. of those built in Britain since the war have been on one storey. This type lends itself to fairly easy extension and alteration, since its walls are likely to be merely cladding hung in a steel or ferro-concrete framework; there are several kinds of standardised and partly prefabricated construction, so that it can be put up quickly; and it is highly suited to certain kinds of flow production. Some of the kinds of mechanical handling that put very heavy individual loads on flooring, such as fork-lift trucks, can be used without any special arrangements; "automation systems," which tend to link items of heavy equipment into long lines or clusters, are most easily accommodated on the ground floor; and provided that the single storey is reasonably high, 18 ft. or more, it can accommodate overhead conveyer systems and power-tool arrangements along with floor conveyers, which can be particularly convenient for mechanised assembly.

In many of the industries that have been growing fastest in Britain since the war—oil refining, chemicals, metals—the factory as such hardly exists. Their industrial installations tend to be extensive forests of distillation columns, tankage, specialised furnaces, outdoor handling systems, linked and looped by miles of piping, lit somewhat uncannily by night with floodlights on lattice towers; the only buildings are often works' offices, test houses and laboratories, the frequently elegant works' canteens. In recent years the power station, too, has been emerging from its masonry chrysalis; somewhat reluctantly, British designers have given up designing the vast structures that were unkindly nicknamed "electric cathedrals" and have left the main plant units such as the boiler-house out bare in the open like a blast furnace or a refinery's "cat-cracker." Before the nuclear power stations began to contribute much electricity to the nation's grid, some of their specialised units of plant, notably the vast pressure sphere brooding over a long, low Scottish shoreline at Dounreay, had begun to add new and distinctive shapes to this characteristic "architecture" of heavy process industry.

But in some modern factories such as that of British Nylon Spinners at Pontypool, the "science-based" industry of to-day joins hands with the traditional factory architecture of yesterday. Here again certain processes of textile manufacture require parts of the factory at least on a multi-storey basis; moreover, even on a vast and unrestricted site, B.N.S. found that more than 1,000,000 sq. ft. of factory space spread over one level would have had considerable inconveniences in movement and managerial supervision. Some shift back towards the multi-storey factory may occur more generally. Studies by the Midland Regional Board for Industry have recently suggested that in the production of food, clothing, furniture and the smaller consumer goods, at any rate, properly-designed multi-storey accommodation might be satisfactory: and these industries employ something like half the factory labour in Britain.

A factory is more than a building that has to work: it is the place where many people spend a substantial slice of their daily life. Of late, along with the more and more precise planning of production flows and linkages throughout a factory, has gone increasing attention to the conditions its part-time inhabitants enjoy or endure. In new factories the worker often has a good deal more colour in his life than, say, the typist in an office; welfare arrangements, canteens, social and sports facilities are a good deal more organised. These elements of organisation can have a powerful bearing on design of a new factory.

They affect, for example, fundamentals such as the general type of lighting used. The traditional single-storey factory with north lights overhead can be expensive in terms of heat lost through the glazing, and on maintenance items such as cleaning. Moreover, the windowless factory lit entirely by artificial light, which became popular in the United States after the war, may have some advantages in construction. But the fact that workers are used to daylight operations makes it necessary to put in a much higher standard of artificial lighting than might theoretically or medically be considered necessary for people to see perfectly well what they are doing, and reduces the economic advantages this kind of building might have to offer. Fairly often, in walking round a factory with a proud manager, I have heard the remark, after looking at the canteen, locker-room and washing facilities, "It 's far better than anything they 're used to at home." With roughly 30 per cent. of British houses still lacking a separate bathroom, there 's some justice in the remark; even for the more fortunately housed, the factory may be the only place in their life where most people enjoy, say, air-conditioning and a shower.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT IN A NEW TOWN: The picture, taken from an aircraft, shows a stage in the construction of the western industrial area of Bracknell, in Berkshire. The site covers 120 acres, and so far eighteen factories (900,000 sq. ft. of factory space) have been built. Development of this area started in 1953. It is expected to be complete by 1963. There is also an eastern industrial area on which, at present, two factories only have been built. Bracknell Development Corporation was established under the New Towns Act, 1946.

New factory building takes up a substantial, and rather specialised, sector of Britain's building industry; in 1958, it accounted for about £250,000,000 worth of the £1,275,000,000 that industry produced in total. The specialists among construction firms (or departments of the bigger ones) are sometimes concerned with more than the physical erection; they may put up the money, too, and rent the factory to the industrial tenant for whom it has been custom-built.

In some of the development areas, and particularly in Ulster, Government money has been forthcoming to build factories for new-coming companies; these are let at very advantageous rents; there has been some "advance building" of standard factory units which can be offered straight away to attract a fresh employer to the area. In Birmingham, and more recently in London, new blocks of "flatted factories" have been built for small workshops and businesses forced out of their existing premises by slum clearance. The tiniest of firms, which would never have been able to raise the money itself to obtain modern factory space, are thus offered some of the advantages, and command of modern technical resources, that bigger industry has been building itself on so vast a scale since the war.

(*Further pictures on following page*)

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

On left—

POST WAR FACTORY

The main factory and head office of British Nylon Spinners Ltd. occupies a site covering 112 acres, 2 miles north of Pontypool, in Monmouthshire. It was designed by Sir Percy Thomas and built by Sir Robert McAlpine and Sons Ltd. soon after the last war. Clearance work on the site began in 1945, and the erection of the steelwork started in the following year. New principles of design were incorporated and the factory was conditioned for temperature and humidity. Production of nylon began in April 1948, since which time there have been considerable extensions to the buildings. More than five thousand people are now employed at the factory which has been described as one of the finest examples of modern industrial architecture.

Below—

A FACTORY COURTYARD: The garden is situated between the main factory building on the left of the picture, and the canteen and office block on the right.

LONDON'S UNIT WORKSHOPS

The first unit workshops specially designed by the London County Council for small firms displaced by the Council's redevelopment projects were built at Long Street, in Shoreditch. The three four-storey blocks of workshops illustrated provide fifty-six basic units of 1,200 sq. ft., which may be divided or combined in various ways to give a range of workshops from 300 sq. ft. to 2,400 sq. ft. They have been designed to keep costs and rents to the minimum. The structural frame, floors and roofs of the three buildings are of pre-cast and pre-stressed reinforced concrete.

On right—

CARS ON THE ROOF

The flat roof (foreground) of Vauxhall Motors' Parts Warehouse at Dunstable, in Bedfordshire, was designed to carry a weight of 3 tons per sq. ft. It measures 9 acres and is used as a dispersal point for vehicles being delivered to dealers or to the docks. Access to the roof is by a suspended concrete ramp, which leads directly from the Bedford truck manufacturing line. On the roof itself, column stubs have been left so that a second storey can be added when necessary. The Parts and Accessories Department, one of the last major projects in Vauxhall's expansion programme, came into full operation a year ago.

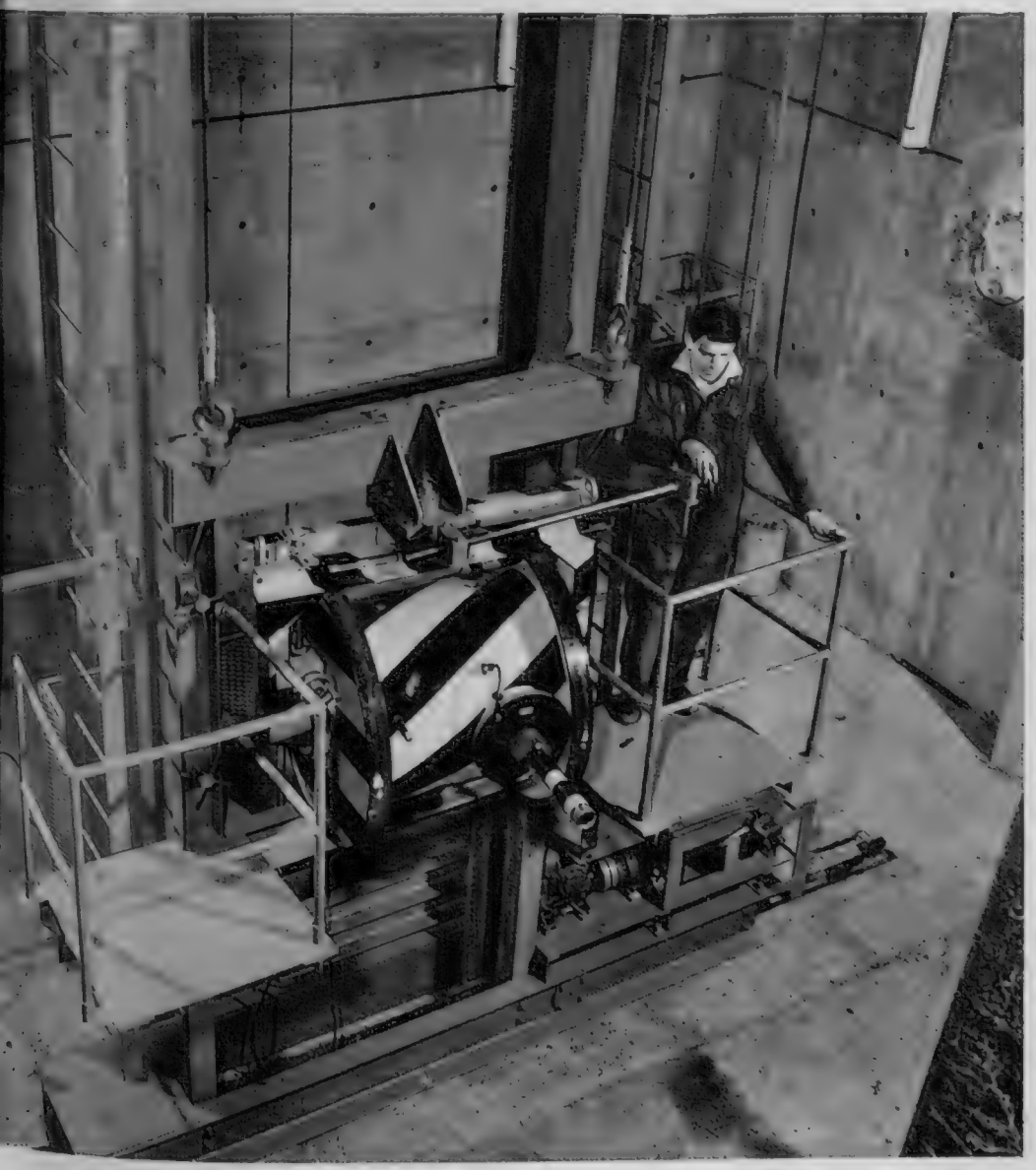
A VIEW FROM THE CONTROL TOWER: At the new freight-sorting yard at Temple Mills, East London, the operator overlooks the secondary retarders slowing trucks moving into the sorting sidings. Using automation and radar to speed the traffic flow, the yard is claimed to be the most modern in Europe.

AUTOMATIC FREIGHT-SHUNTING AT TEMPLE MILLS

Recently finished at a cost of £2,500,000, the new freight-sorting yard at Temple Mills, of the Eastern Region of British Railways, carries out in one process work which took previously four or five operations. The 2-mile-long yard, which contains 52 miles of track, arranged in symmetrical patterns, can handle 4,500 wagons a day, utilising electronic computers, radar, electro-pneumatic retarders and automation. The nerve-centre is the control tower, where is housed the equipment enabling two operators to have fingertip control of all shunting. As freight trains arrive at the reception sidings, diesel shunters take over from the main-line locomotives. The long trains are split up and wagons or groups of trucks are propelled at a controlled speed over the crown of the hump. They then move under the force of gravity through the primary and secondary retarders past the control tower into the correct sorting sidings. Within a distance of 75 yards, the wagons are weighed as they pass through a special section of the track; radar equipment assesses wagon speed and this is passed to an electronic computer, which determines the braking pressure to be applied. Automatic pre-set electro-pneumatically-operated switches determine which route the truck will take. The new yard replaces fifteen yards previously needed and was constructed while the old yards were still working; detailed planning ensured that the through-put of wagons never fell below 80 per cent. The etarders were supplied by the Westinghouse Brake and Signal Co. Ltd.

THE CONTROL TOWER AT TEMPLE MILLS: The tracks run on either side of the tower, from which two operators can handle up to 4,500 wagons a day. Background is the hump from which the trucks run by gravity.

SLOWED AUTOMATICALLY: A wagon at Temple Mills passes through the primary retarders, running down from the hump. Powered by compressed air, the retarders are electro-magnetic and grip the wheels as they pass.



EQUIPMENT FOR BERKELEY NUCLEAR POWER STATION

A complicated machine dovetails the slots in the steel rotor body of one of the turbo-generators destined for the British Central Electricity Board's nuclear power station in Gloucestershire. The equipment, which is rated at 83 megawatts, is being manufactured at the Metropolitan-Vickers electrical works in Manchester. The sets are being supplied by the A.E.I. Turbine Generator Division at Trafford Park to A.E.I.-John Thompson Ltd., who are the main contractors.

FOR USE IN INDUSTRIAL RADIOGRAPHY

On left—

A high-intensity cobalt container for industrial radiography has been supplied by Newton Victor Ltd., the X-ray Department of Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd., to the Darlington factory of Whessoe Ltd. It is housed in a specially constructed concrete building and is used for the radiographic examination of welded seams in steel plate of up to 5 ins. thick. The cobalt 60 source was fitted at the Atomic Energy Establishment at Harwell and is housed in a lead and heavy alloy protective shield; this in turn is contained in a steel cylinder. An exposure, a beam of radiation projected on the area under examination, is initiated by remote control after positioning with a light projector.

ASSEMBLING AN ITALIAN HOWITZER: A warrant officer watches as a Royal Artillery gun crew assemble the Italian 105-mm. pack howitzer at a demonstration by the School of Artillery at Larkhill. The gun is versatile, having the dual rôle of an anti-tank weapon and a field-gun. It can be taken to pieces for carriage by helicopters or mules.

GUNS ON SHOW

The School of Artillery Demonstrates New Guns and Guided Missiles at Larkhill

On left—

FUELLING A GUIDED MISSILE: Wearing protective clothing, men of the 27 Guided Weapon Regiment (Field) Royal Artillery demonstrate to cadets the servicing drill for a Corporal missile. The regiment is due to fire the Corporal in the Outer Hebrides in July for the first time in this country.

A NEW SELF-PROPELLED GUN: It is an improved version of last war as towed equipment, mounted on the chassis operational, but will eventually replace the self-prope

TWO WEAPONS OF THE SAME TYPE: On the left is the new 5·5-in. self-propelled medium gun. The American 155-mm. howitzer stands beside it. The cadets in the foreground ha just seen the American gun firing. The new weapon has a much reduced length of recoil, and the overhead cover provided by its mounting guarantees thermal shielding nuclear war and protection against air-burst high-explosive shells. It is designed to replace the 155-mm. gun, which is now the self-propelled weapon of the Rhine Arm

ADJUSTING THE GUN FOR THE TASK: *Above, left*—The gunners manhandle the assembled howitzer into its elevated position for use as a field-gun. The wheels will come off the ground and the gun will rest on the stands behind them. *On right*—A sergeant closes the breech of the gun which is now in the crouching position for use against tanks. It takes three Whirlwind helicopters or eleven mules to carry the gun.

5·5-in. medium gun, used in the Centurion tank. It is not yet fully American 155-mm. howitzer.

About 2,000 people, including Cabinet Ministers, attended demonstrations of the School of Artillery at Larkhill, in Wiltshire, last week. Herr Strauss, the West German Minister of Defence, in the United Kingdom to get a first-hand impression of weapon research and development, was among the visitors. West Germany is to spend £20,000,000 on British military equipment this year. Two new guns were demonstrated by the Royal Artillery—the Italian 105-mm. howitzer and a self-propelled 5·5-in. medium field-gun. The Italian howitzer can be used both as an anti-tank weapon, when it is in a crouching position, and as a field-gun, in an elevated position. It can be quickly dismantled for carriage by helicopters or mules. Three Whirlwind helicopters, which are the largest type that the Army possesses, carry the gun and crew, or eleven mules may be used. The recent fighting in Oman demonstrated that the rôle of the mule in the modern army is not over. The self-propelled 5·5-in. medium gun is mounted on a Centurion tank chassis. An improvement on the gun used successfully in the Second World War, it is designed to replace the American 155-mm. howitzer. Its mounting provides overhead cover, ensuring, in nuclear war, protection from heat, and giving shielding against air-burst high-explosive shells.

THE ROYAL ARTILLERY'S ANTI-AIRCRAFT ROLE: An English-Electric Thunderbird guided missile stands on its launcher in another section of the demonstration. In front of it is the launcher loader which carries the equipment. The Thunderbird is a surface-to-air missile, powered by rockets. Other parts of the demonstration included a range of wireless sets and the prototype of an armoured observation-post.

The World of Books

AN IMPOSSIBLE WOMAN

The Life of Madame de Staël; Autobiographies of the Duke of Bedford, Stuart Holroyd, and Agnes de Mille; Conditions in America To-day and Rome from 133 B.C. to A.D. 68; and Recent Fiction

ONE of the most extraordinary women of her own—or any other—age was Madame de Staël, who was born Germaine Necker, daughter of Louis XVI's Finance Minister, and lived to become Napoleon's enemy and a very real power in Europe. Her life was among the political and the literary great and she enjoyed to the full, indeed she craved, the glory that was reflected from them and the glory which she herself knew. Talleyrand was probably her first lover, Benjamin Constant the most faithful. She held a kind of court among liberal thinkers and her chateau at Coppet in her later years became, according to Stendhal, " the Grand Assize of European opinion."

MISTRESS TO AN AGE (Hamish Hamilton. 21s.) is Mr. J. Christopher Herold's biography of this remarkable figure and excellently well done it is, particularly when one considers the complexities of the questions he had to deal with, the many changes in the political climate and the endlessly changing character of Madame de Staël herself. Of her Napoleon said: " That woman is a veritable raven " and Marie Antoinette remarked: " What glory for Madame de Staël, what joy for her to have the whole Army at her disposal! " It was Byron, though, who perhaps summed up her strange nature better than anyone when he said: " She thinks like a man, but alas! she feels like a woman."

In our own day and age there is the thirteenth Duke of Bedford and his lively and uninhibited autobiography, A SILVER-PLATED SPOON (Cassell. 21s.), which, in its vastly different way, is extremely readable, too, and gives a candid picture of what has surely been one of the most eccentric families in the English nobility. It was not, for instance, until he was sixteen and then only through the chance remark of a housemaid that young John realised that he was heir to a dukedom. His own education was sketchy, his home life almost non-existent and the oddities of his grandfather and, still more, his father made his life so uncomfortable as to be precarious. With his inheritance of the title and the great house of Woburn Abbey the whole picture changed and possibly the best parts of the Duke's story are his descriptions of how he worked with his wife on the restoration of the place as a family home and, as we all know, as a showplace.

FLIGHT AND PURSUIT (Gollancz. 21s.) is a young man's autobiography—Mr. Stuart Holroyd is twenty-three—but it is as little like most young autobiographies as can well be imagined. For here is a man who writes of his development in terms of philosophical thought and whose preoccupation in writing this long and closely reasoned book has not been with material changes but with the successive steps in his own thinking. It is, in fact, a spiritual autobiography and in it Mr. Holroyd attempts to explain the intellectual and emotional processes by which he arrived at a belief in God and religion. Thoughtful, sensitive and intellectually satisfying as an exercise in repudiation of the theme of the Angry Young Man.

From America comes a different kind of autobiography and two impressive reports on current conditions. AND PROMENADE HOME (Hamish Hamilton. 25s.) is a further volume in the story of her life by Miss Agnes de Mille, the choreographer whose dance arrangements have given vitality to such Broadway musicals as *Oklahoma* and *Carousel*. It is safe to say that Miss De Mille started a new trend in chorus dancing and in contemporary ballet, as it is used within the framework of a big production. Her writing has something of the same swing and freshness and her theatrical anecdotes, for these form an important part of the book, are as entertaining as her technical explanations of dance routines and innovations.

AMERICA IN DOUBT (Robert Hale. 21s.) is Mr. Alexander Werth's latest contribution to the outsider's knowledge of the United States. Starting with the premise that he, like so many others, had ready-made and often inaccurate ideas about the country and its people, Mr. Werth examines his findings during three months spent in a town of the Middle West where he was visiting professor in European history. It was then, as he puts it, that he met real Americans and came to know and understand them, gradually applying his knowledge of them and their ways to the nation as a whole. The writing is attractively informal since the book is based on his own diaries, and the result is some little advance in the business of understanding each other, country by country.

Mr. John Brooks has described his book, THE SEVEN FAT YEARS (Gollancz. 18s.), as being chronicles of Wall Street which, as any well-adjusted child of seven knows, is the Stock Exchange district of New York. The years in question are those of the boom which began in 1950 and ended " perhaps temporarily but certainly firmly " in the latter half of 1957. Mr. Brooks writes from inside knowledge but he is still able to write objectively and, for this reason, even the reader whose least personal concern is with the buying and selling of stocks and shares will find something here to provoke thought, to startle, divert, or alarm. Vividly written and packed with the most esoteric information.

FROM THE GRACCHI TO NERO (Methuen. 25s.) is Mr. H. H. Scullard's scholarly history of Rome, from 133 B.C. to A.D. 68, a period during which occurred the decline and fall of the Republic and the establishment of

BEFORE A MOMENT OF RECONCILIATION IN ONE OF LONDON'S CURRENT COMEDIES: Louise Yeyder (Kay Hammond), with her eye blacked, looks from behind the settee at her husband, Charles (John Clements). This is one of the many amusing moments in *Gilt and Gingerbread*, at the Duke of York's Theatre. The play is by Lionel Hale and the first act is exceptionally witty. Harold French directs and others in the cast include Hugh Sinclair, Eileen Peel, Walter Fitzgerald, Joseph Field and Kara Aldridge. The setting is by Michael Weight.

the *pax romana* under the early Principate. In this thoughtful book, designed for the more serious students of the period or for those whose reading commonly includes academic matters, Mr. Scullard has traced the contrast between Rome's unchallenged power over the whole Mediterranean and her inner instability and weakness. He has written in simple terms in spite of the profundity of his research and his book will be welcome in wider circles than those enclosed by college cloisters.

There is an attractive candour about Margaret Dick's second novel, RHYME OR REASON (Heinemann. 15s.), which more than compensates for the fact that none of her characters has any especial originality or distinction and that the setting is as deliberately commonplace, not to say as drab, as an author can make it when her first objective is so evidently to be honest. This background is a university town in the North of England (possibly Scotland), and it is shown as a miserably cold and windy place for more than six months of the year and an insufferably dull one all the time. This, however, is from the reader's point of view only. Margaret Dick's young men and women, students, lecturers and minor Civil Servants, have intense private lives of their own, fall in and out of love, cram for exams, suffer at amateur theatricals and generally run the gamut of post-teen age and less-than-thirty emotions. The story leaves off rather than coming to any tidy conclusion but that is a weakness which this author may avoid in later novels and it is certainly not one peculiar to her alone.

Mr. Warren Tute has written another of his good, solid, three-decker sea novels in LEVIATHAN (Cassell. 16s.) which is the story of the biggest passenger ship in the world from the day of its launching to the drama of its final hours. *Leviathan* herself is the main character and all the others are seen chiefly in relation to her. Mr. Tute handles his big and complex cast admirably and is afraid neither of heroics nor of the trivialities of home life ashore. His book is immensely readable, warm-hearted and convincing.

BOND OF PERFECTION (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) has something at least in common with the last novel but one: that the story keeps stopping from one page to the next and that the reader is left with the unsatisfied, though far from desperate feeling, that he would prefer to have known what happened next. Miss Stella Zilliacus, for the rest, gives that same reader food for thought, for speculation and, occasionally, for enjoyment. Her plot is based on a triangle, though not one of the more familiar ones, in that it is concerned with a lovely young woman married to a neurotically nagging husband who, in turn, is under the domination of the spinster sister who comes to live with the couple. Miss Zilliacus sees the wife's self-immolation as a noble and Christian effort to attain what St. Paul called " the bond of perfection " and so it may well be. Others may find the reiterated scenes of uncontrolled and vicious selfishness and the wife's acceptance of them as nearer to masochism and, in their cumulative effect, both distressing and repellent. Be that as it may, Miss Zilliacus has also given us a novel illuminated by intelligence and without a touch of the mundane.

THE DEVIL'S QUILL (Heinemann. 15s.) is a story of French provincial life fifty years ago and it is so well done that I caught myself turning back to the title page to make sure that it was not a translation. But no, it is by Mr. David Horner who is English indeed, being, as he writes, descended " from Little Jack Horner (Henry VIII) who was lampooned in the nursery rhyme." His present story is a slight one but told with an amusing lightness of touch and whereas one is never for a moment moved by the quandary of the prominent townsfolk on whom a shower of anonymous letters descends, one has a fine time studying the types and, particularly, appreciating Mr. Horner's wonderful accuracy in conveying period and place.

There are analogies with a Simenon story in Mr. S. B. Hough's THE BRONZE PERSEUS (Secker and Warburg. 13s. 6d.), which is a detective story based entirely on the facets of a man's character and on the nature of his mental development rather than on any sequence of material causes and effects. In other words, in this crime story things happen because a man is what he is and not because, fortuitously, events have conspired for or against him. I found it very good indeed, not by any means a thriller in the accepted sense of that term, but well worth a thoughtful reading.

Vernon Fane

THE SILENT GENERAL

An Estimate of the Campaigns of Wavell

War creates a host of hard and quick decisions, and none was surely harder than that which had to be taken by Lord Wavell in the Second World War when he had to risk throwing away the fruits of his North African campaign in favour of a Grecian adventure dictated by the world political situation. The General's grave dilemma is put before the reader in Robert Woollcombe's THE CAMPAIGNS OF WAVELL, 1939-43 (Cassell. 21s.). Wavell was not the sole arbiter in this switching of victorious forces from North Africa, but he had to calculate the risk of Germany ferrying armoured forces across the Mediterranean at speed. As matters turned out he advised wrongly, but one thing clearly emerges from his campaigning: this General was usually most shrewd in his judgments; he was a commander who knew how to organise when the odds were heaviest.

Wavell never behaved with greater resourcefulness than when the evacuation of Greece was starting, and the Germans had consolidated themselves in North Africa by taking Cyrenaica and by keeping the Italians in the field. His dispatch to the Prime Minister revealed his calm: " Such is the outline of disastrous episode, for which the main responsibility is mine," wrote Wavell. He then began to set a trap for Rommel at Tobruk that eventually proved his skilful adversary's undoing. This is a readable book about a General who preserved his silence and his greatness.

In 1936 Karl Eskelund was a student at Pekin University and there he met the Chinese girl who was to become his wife. This Danish author returned to China, travelling right through the country from Hong Kong to the Siberian border. He has written a most exhilarating account of this journey under the title of THE RED MANDARINS (Alvin Redman. 25s.), and given it added interest with a series of colour photographs. Mr. Eskelund's account of his various train journeys and of contacts made *en route* is intimate. This is a friendly picture, full of admiration for the Chinese, but not without a little gentle raillery here and there.

The making of a seaway into the heart of Canada and the United States has been a dream long held by those who welcomed without reservation the linking of the Great Lake system with the seaports of the world. But in the past the reservations have been enormous, not least those of the United States railways, who saw the end of their long-held monopoly. Until five or six years ago the chances of the dream becoming a reality were slender. The year 1959 has seen the opening of this vital strategic route, and it is now possible for fully-loaded freighters up to 10,000 tons to sail over 2,000 miles from the Atlantic Ocean to the western ports of Lake Superior. In THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY (Methuen. 12s. 6d.) Professor T. L. Hills, of McGill University, describes the fulfilment of this shipping and power project after nearly half a century of agitation. It seems that the real deciding factors in its construction were the need to bring Quebec-Labrador iron ore from the lower St. Lawrence to the Great Lakes in low-cost transportation ore-carriers, shallow-draught vessels constructed specially for the trade, and to bring grain direct from the heart of America to the St. Lawrence ports. Professor Hills writes with simplicity and imagination.

WAGNER'S LAST OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN: In the new production of *Parsifal* at the Royal Opera House in London, the scene is Klingsor's garden. Parsifal (Karl Liebl) is surrounded by the maidens. The producer is Herbert Graf, sets and costumes are by Paul Walter, and Rudolf Kempe conducts. The first performance was given on Friday of last week (May 15). The seven other performances in the current season are on May 28, June 1, 4, 16 and 19 and July 1 and 3. In most of Wagner's operas there is a meaning which can only be understood through knowledge of the composer's own mental state and the peculiar psychology of the Germans. *Parsifal* was written in 1882, a few months before Wagner's death. His mind, which had been obsessed for a long time with Paganism, was turning to Christianity. Although there are certain Buddhist elements in the libretto, the Cup and the Spear are clearly symbols of the Last Supper and the Crucifixion. The opening bars of the Prelude are matched in their breath-taking beauty only by the *Tristan* Prelude. The themes of the Good Friday Music, the Grail and the Last Supper are among the finest written by Wagner.

WAGNER'S "PARSIFAL"

PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS: *On left*—Parsifal stands with Kundry (Gerda Lammers) in the background. Karl Liebl sang the "Pure Innocent" on the first night and will be heard in five other performances. Jon Vickers is Parsifal on May 28 and June 1. *Below*—Another moment in the temptation in the garden. The other principals in the Royal Opera House cast are Eberhard Waechter as Amfortas, King of Monsalvat; Gottlob Frick as the veteran knight of the Grail, Gurnemanz; and Forbes Robertson as Titurel. It is said that Wagner never wished *Parsifal* to be given outside Bayreuth.

VICTORIAN NURSERY

I often suspect that autobiographers who remember scores of details from their infancy and nursery days are embroiderers. The lacunæ in my own memories of a Victorian childhood makes a full or reliable record impossible. No such charge can be brought against F. Gordon Roe's THE VICTORIAN CHILD (Phoenix House. 12s. 6d.). This is a scientific study by an expert, invaluable to social historians. With the help of his illustrators he has brought back every detail of my childhood vividly, and I could almost swear that he selected my case-history on which to build up his general picture. I am at last fit to compete with Maurice Baring and his peers and peeresses. Every toy illustrated in Iris Brooke's drawing came from *my* nursery.

If I was spared the "Fauntleroy" outfit for Hyde Park wear, it was merely the luck of being the third son who inherited elder brothers' clothes only if still serviceable. All else in that all-inclusive catalogue of Victorian children's needs and practices I vouch for. I read just those books, played only with those toys, experienced the same relationships with grown-ups. Only yesterday, on changing houses, I scrapped my toy-soldiers' "fort." Its scientific form was as strictly regulated as Vauban's or the Roman examples in Britain; and still I possess one example of our spoon-shaped or "real tennis" rackets with which we played pat-ball. Among books Caldecott is mentioned, but might have been given more prominence. The greatest influences of a literary kind on my childish mind were his "House that Jack built, etc," *The Tapestry Room*, and *Lorna Doone*. I delight in this little but definitive scientific work which has restored my lost childhood.

John Gore

Angna Enters is a versatile person; author, artist, exponent of mime, sculptor, ceramic worker and motion-picture consultant are among the separate callings in which she has succeeded, sometimes, as she says, in unpremeditated progression and sometimes simultaneously. Miss Enters has always kept a day-to-day journal, and with this to refresh her memory she tells us, as she sees it, the real nature of an ARTIST'S LIFE (W. H. Allen. 30s.). Her personal observations are always worth reading; how could it be otherwise with anyone who has led such a very full life?

Every so often the news headlines tell of some creature's travels across the face of the earth, the spring arrival in California of the swallows of San Juan Capistrano, or the northward flight from their winter sojourn in the tropics of the Rose-Breasted Grosbeak and the Bartramian Sandpiper. Lorus and Margery Milne have made an intensive study of migratory habits on land, on the sea and in the air. Their new book PATHS ACROSS THE EARTH (Cassell. 16s.) makes enthralling reading, and not least in its references to the part that man is playing in helping the migrants on their way.

MAN'S CONQUEST OF THE STARS (Jarrolds. 25s.) is the work of Pierre Rousseau who writes with lucidity born of his own experience as an astronomer and his two decades as a writer on popular science subjects. M. Rousseau starts the long narrative by defining the attitudes of primitive man to the heavens, and finally concludes with a masterly chapter on the universe as we see it to-day.

R. C. E.

FRYING IN CAMOGLI

A Festival of Fish is Celebrated in Northern Italy

In the village of Camogli, not far from Genoa on the Italian Riviera, on one day of the year there is a fish-fry unequalled in England, the home of fish and chips. On the Festival of San Fortunato fried fish is given free to all the villagers and visitors. Traditionally it is believed that if fish is eaten on this day good luck and prosperity will follow during the rest of the year. The fish are given by the local fishermen and each housewife gives one bottle of olive oil. This year almost 5 tons of fish were fried in 260 gallons of oil. Frying takes place in a huge frying-pan—16 ft. wide. Since there is no place large enough to store the pan in Camogli it is kept in a warehouse across the bay and each year towed over. This year it sank on the way across and divers had to recover it. The pan is set on scaffolding on the quayside. The ceremony this year was attended by some 50,000 people. Guests of honour were natives of the Belgian town of Ypres, with whom Camogli has a friendship link.

Below—

A RELIGIOUS CEREMONY: The Vice-Patriarch of nearby Genoa blesses the frying-pan with holy water before the festival of San Fortunato starts.

A PUBLIC FISH FRY IN NORTHERN ITALY: In the gigantic frying-pan in the square of the Italian Riviera village of Camogli, fish are being fried in olive oil. The fish have been supplied free by the local fishermen and represent their day's catch, while each housewife has donated one bottle of oil. The fried fish are eaten free of charge by the villagers and visitors. The custom, the Festival of Fish, takes place every year on San Fortunato Day. This year at the festival some 50,000 people ate almost five tons of fish.

THE FRYING-PAN IN THE HARBOUR: Before a large crowd in the square and on the parapets behind, the 16-ft.-wide frying-pan stands on specially mounted scaffolding. Above it flies the banner of San Fortunato. The frying-pan is stored during the year in a warehouse on the other side of the bay, since there is no place big enough in Camogli, and each year it is towed across the water. This year, when floating across on the eve of the festival, the pan sank in about 20 ft. of water. Skin-divers brought it up.

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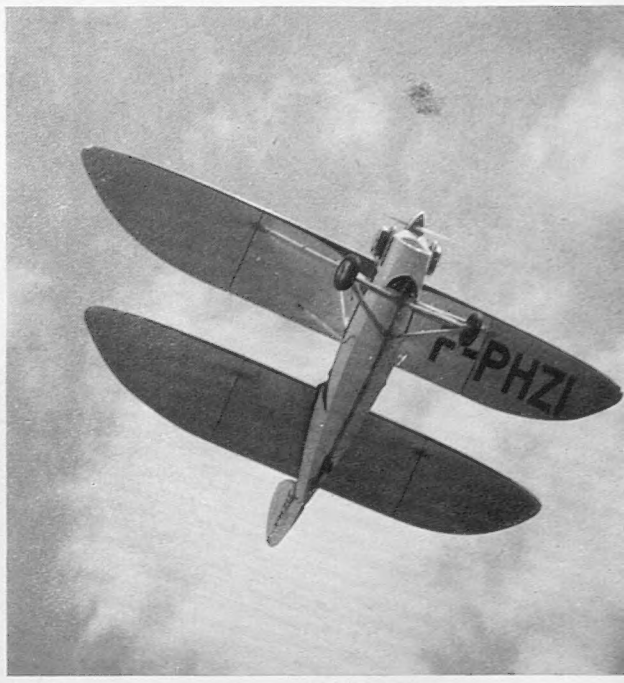
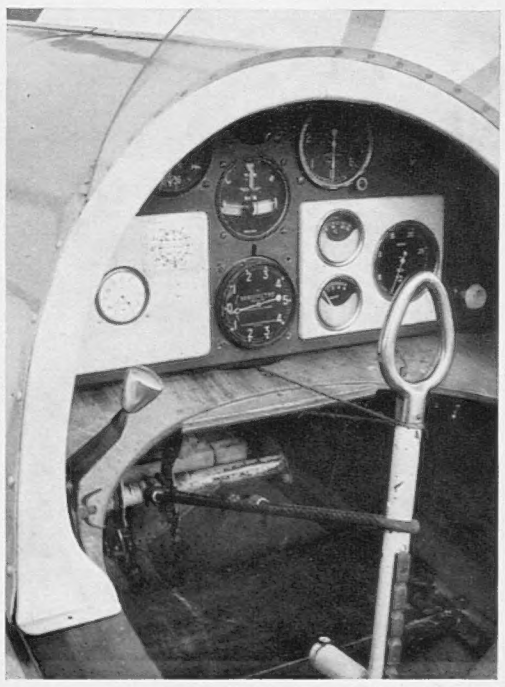
A NEW "BABY" AEROPLANE

Designed by a Frenchman, the "Flying Flea" Costs Between £150 and £200

THE NEW "FLYING FLEA": Its designer and builder, a Frenchman, M. Henri Mignet, sits in the cockpit of the small, single-seat aeroplane. The two wings are at different heights and are collapsible, so that it can be towed on the road and stored in a small space. Costing £150 to £200, the "Flying Flea" is powered by a small motor-car engine.



IN FLIGHT: The forward and upper wings of the "Flying Flea" can be extended so that, if the engine cuts out, the plane automatically becomes a glider.



DETAILS OF THE AIRCRAFT: *On left*—Henri Mignet checks the engine which is adapted from that of a small car. The wheels are those of a moped. *On right*—The cockpit is laid out very simply. It is claimed that anyone can learn to fly the machine in a few hours and that the pilot requires no special skill.

The ownership of a private aeroplane is still enjoyed by relatively few individuals—largely because of the cost of flying and the lack of facilities. In France an experienced designer and builder of small aircraft has produced a machine which might well obviate this first difficulty. It costs only £150 to £200 to build. Named the "Flying Flea," the plane has two pairs of collapsible wings. The forward wings are on a higher level and can be extended so that, in the event of an engine failure, the plane automatically becomes a glider. It requires no special skill on the part of a pilot, if this were to happen, to bring the aircraft safely to the ground. The wings fold up from half-way along their port and starboard sides and this allows the plane to be towed along the road and to be stored in a normal-sized garage. The plane is light enough to be hitched to a motor-cycle. A single-seater, the "Flying Flea" can carry a maximum load of about 300 lb. and is powered by a motor-car engine.

The designer of the aircraft, M. Henri Mignet, is sixty-six years old and constructed his first machine thirty-nine years ago. He used the engine from a motor-cycle, but although there was a great deal of noise the plane did not leave the ground. Eight years later he made one that took off, but it crashed immediately afterwards. His first success came in 1934 when an aeroplane incorporating many unusual ideas was shown in Paris. This machine could be built by an amateur with the aid of an instructions sheet. This was the first "Flying Flea." By the outbreak of the war there were 400 of these baby planes in France. M. Mignet designs, builds and personally tests his prototypes. An ironical situation was corrected last year when, after 1,500 hours of flying and 4,000 landings, he got his pilot's licence. The designer's idea for the future is that near every large town a small air station should be built, with accommodation for the storage and the maintenance of small aircraft. He sees his plane as the ideal conveyance for short distances for everyone.

SOLVING THE STORAGE PROBLEM: A motor-cyclist demonstrates how the "Flying Flea" can be towed. The wings are collapsed by folding them inwards from the sides, reducing considerably the size of the plane. The aircraft can carry about 300 lb.

FOLDING UP THE WINGS: The work of collapsing the wings is easily managed. M. Henri Mignet's idea is for his aircraft to become as popular as the motor-car for travelling short distances. He advocates the building of small airfields near every large town.

BRITISH VEHICLES ON A FAMOUS BRIDGE IN PORTUGAL: The Bedford Trans-Europe caravan crosses the River Douro on the D-Luis bridge linking industrial Oporto with Vila Nova de Gaia, the port wine centre.

"SHOWING THE FLAG" IN MODERN STYLE

A Convoy of British Motor Vehicles on Tour in Portugal

Britain can still "show the flag" against all-comers in most commercial products. When the Vauxhall Motor Company decided to send a fleet of Bedfords to tour several countries of Europe it was a happy idea to begin in the south with Britain's oldest ally, Portugal. Fourteen different types of vehicle comprise the Bedford Trans-Europe Caravan. Travelling by sea to Portugal, they spent twenty-eight days in that country, next went to Spain and then drove northwards through France and the Low Countries to Scandinavia. The caravan was due in Denmark in the middle of this week. From there it will go to Sweden and Norway and eventually end the tour in Finland.

The caravan includes three types of the light van, including a Dormobile Caravan and a twelve-seater P.S.V. and four forward-control big Bedfords—a rock-dumper, a fuel tanker, a four-wheel-drive lorry and a Duple "Super-Vega" coach. By the finish of the tour the vehicles will have covered about 9,000 miles in Continental Europe. According to reports from the month spent in Portugal, their presence aroused considerable interest.

AT THE WEST EXTREMITY OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE: The lighthouse provides the background for the Bedford Trans-Europe Caravan as it is pictured on the road above Capa da Roca, in Portugul, the most westerly point of the Continent. The vehicles are covering about 9,000 miles in Europe. The Caravan began in Portugal, and is now in Scandinavia. The tour concludes in Finland in September.

On right—

AMONG ANCIENT REMAINS: The pillars are of the Temple of Diana at Evora. In this town to the east of Lisbon the caravan was in a city which dates from Roman times.

DRAWING THE CROWDS IN BRAGA: The fourteen vehicles are parked for exhibition in one of the main streets of the town. Around them the Union Jack and the Portuguese flag fly side by side.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

CONTEMPLATING A HOLIDAY IN IRELAND ? " That land of heart's desire," as the Irish poet and dramatist W. B. Yeats once wrote. Then I can promise motorists, unfrequented and well-metalled roads ; to fishermen, unpolluted waters, and to golfers, greens that are in keeping with this Emerald Isle ; while for those who are content with a land " where beauty has no ebb, decay no flood," Ireland beckons from many angles.

For those who have never previously visited Ireland, it would be best to take a car (it is more economical to hire one over there if your stay does not exceed a fortnight). Alternatively, the C.I.E. (Coras Iompair Eireann) arrange conducted tours by road, rail and water and put tourists up at one or other of their very first-class hotels—all designated by the name Great Southern and situated at Kenmare, Killarney, Parknasilla in County Kerry, Mulrany, Co. Mayo, Galway, Sligo and Bundoran.

All these hotels are in the luxury class with their private bathrooms and a high standard of catering and service, so should be pinpointed by those arranging a motoring holiday on their own.

The touristic appeal of Ireland—and I write of her as a whole—is mainly confined to the coastal areas and, as there are 2,000 miles of coastline, it would be advisable to have prior knowledge of where to make for and where to stay. Whatever your sea- or air-port of disembarkation, whether you decide to travel clockwise or anti-clockwise around the country, several days should be kept in hand for Dublin itself.

From an hotel angle, a high standard of efficiency will be experienced in this thriving city and the training schemes which each of the leading hotels have instituted are already having a beneficial effect on Irish hotels as a whole.

The four principal hotels are The Gresham, The Royal Hibernian, The Russell and The Shelbourne. Put them in any order you like. They are all first-class and are a great credit to Eire as a whole.

One does not have to move far from Dublin to enjoy something of Ireland's scenic charm and the Wicklow mountains are at Dublin's doorstep.

To enjoy them fully, without being caught up too much with Dublin's life, I would suggest you move out to Greystones, where at La Touche Hotel (late Grand) you can be exceedingly comfortable and well looked after, with accommodation ranging from single rooms to one of their new bedroom suites.

Now we start on our clockwise tour of Ireland in earnest. If time permits, or you happen to land or sail from Rosslare, note the modernly-equipped Talbot Hotel at Wexford which, like its local industries and people, is in the van of progress.

Next we speed westwards to Cork and its picturesque harbour and waterways. The Imperial and the Metropole are reputed to be the best of this city's hotels, but should you prefer to stay outside, the Bunnyconnellan Hotel at Myrtleville by Crosshaven might well suit you.

A morning's run and by Kinsale, Bandon and Bantry, you will come to an inlet of Bantry Bay where Ballylickey House Hotel will be found. The lawns, flowers and setting may well attract, but good food and wine may lure you to stay on. A delightful hotel run on country house lines, it is one of Ireland's best.

Yet some will prefer Ardnagashel House, some four miles on, run by Audrey and Ronald Kaulback. Here in a deliciously free and easy environment, with the lapping sea at one's feet, one might well be inclined to tear up one's allotted schedule and stay put.

Now through memorable scenery via Glengariff, a 25-mile run will bring you to Kenmare (Great Southern Hotel). Here you must take the Ring of Kerry road where the following hotels all carry my recommendation : Tahilla Cove, a delectable guest house hotel on the Kenmare side of Parknasilla. Then the Great Southern Hotel at the latter, perfectly pitched in sub-tropical grounds. Now a longish winding run to Waterville, much sought after because of its fishing, golf and sea bathing. The Butler Arms and The Southern Lake are the two principal hotels, while the smaller Bay View will suit those who have to budget their costs. Now onwards to Killarney but, according to the hour and the mood, stop at the Glenbeigh Hotel which has a good name for its catering and its fishing. World-famed Killarney has hotels to suit all purses and the Great Southern is undoubtedly the best. After such a surfeit of wonderful scenery, it is as well that for the next 130 miles to Galway, the countryside is just rurally pleasant. Limerick, you will certainly wish to pause in, but my advice is to stay 10 miles short at Adare, where in this model village The Dunraven Arms is a model hotel in its excellence.

Via Ennis and Gort (Glynns Hotel) we come to Galway, where yet another Great Southern Hotel, most efficiently run, awaits you. Galway, apart from its historic interest, is a gateway to wild and beauteous Connemara. Though it can be covered in a day from Galway, it is a district well worth staying in, so note, especially for comfort, catering, fishing and scenery The Zetland Arms at Cashel Bay, sponsored by the famous firm of Guinness, and a typical Irish country house, run as a licensed guest house, Currarevagh, near Oughterard. Here one can fare exceedingly well, thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hodgson who are, I believe, the sixth generation of their family to live there.

At the head of Lough Corrib is Ashford Castle Hotel, Cong, which, thanks to the efficiency and energy of its resident proprietor, Noel Huggard, has acquired international fame. Here the amenities include fishing, shooting, swimming, boating, yachting, hunting, croquet and tennis, and indoors there is dancing, billiards, table-tennis, and a weekly picture-show in the hotel's own theatre.

To be continued on June 6.

BANTRY BAY, Co. Cork. ARDNAGASHEL HOUSE
25 yards from the sea. An Irish Country House Hotel in glorious scenery, with goggle-fishing, bathing, sailing, or just eating, drinking and lazing. Write R. Kaulback.

BANTRY BAY, Co. Cork. BALLYLICKEY HOUSE HOTEL
Extensive parkland. Overlooking ornamental gardens, sea, mountain and river. Irish-French management. Private bathrooms, splendid cellar. French chef. Brochure with pleasure. Tel. . 71.

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LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL
First-class, 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine ; fully licensed. Phone all rooms ; suites. Putting, Swimming Pool. Adjoins Golf Club. Sunnyhill 3341.

LLANDUDNO, N. Wales. ST. GEORGES HOTEL
For a memorable holiday. First on sea-front for cuisine and entertainment. Free Golf. Ballroom. Cocktail Lounge. Ideal motoring centre. Tel. : 7873.

LEOMINSTER, Herefordshire. TALBOT HOTEL
Good food, modern comforts and old world surrounds. Note it well " on the road " or as a motoring holiday base. Tel. : 2121.

LONDON, S.W.7. QUEENSBERRY COURT HOTEL
Close South Kensington Underground and Air Terminal. 41 bedrooms (radio equipped). Some private baths. TV. Licensed. Friendly environment. Tel. : KEN 3693.

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